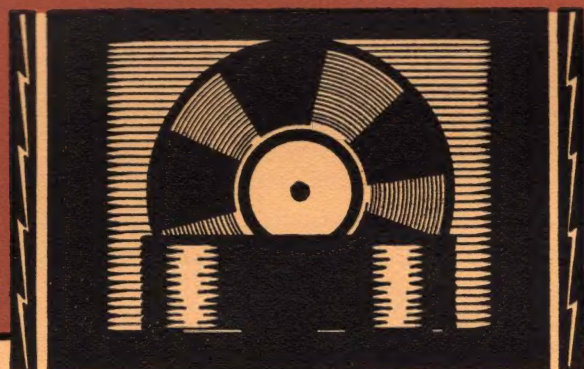


*The*

APRIL, 1938

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# AMERICAN MUSIC LOVER



RECORDS

RADIO

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EDITED BY PETER HUGH REED



# THE FRIENDS OF RECORDED MUSIC

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Cordially yours,  
Deenrayfer



# The American Music Lover

A Monthly Review of Phonograph Records, Radio and Music

April  
1938

Volume III, No. 12

Inserts: Prominent Musical Personalities — Past and Present

No. 2—DEEMS TAYLOR

No. 3—JOHANNA GADSKI

(These pictures are for framing at the wish of the reader. They should be cut apart with a sharp knife.)

## EDITORIAL NOTES

MORE recordings have been issued in the past six months than in any similar period of time in the history of the business. Particularly is this true where serious, as distinguished from popular, music is concerned. Judging from the output and variety of recordings in this country, as compared to any other, it would seem that the American music lover is as advanced in his appreciation of music as the European music lover. Radio has done a great deal to bring about this growth of musical appreciation throughout the length and breadth of the land. In the past five years the programs of good music, via the air, have been increasing not only in size but in import. This year, with the formation of the NBC-Symphony, radio offered the concert hall its first real competition, a competition that may well augur its eventual decline.

That a conductor of Toscanini's integrity should turn his attention to radio in the twilight of his career proves conclusively that the influence of radio cannot be minimized. Our thanks to the National Broadcasting Company for the programs that the Maestro gave us this past Winter. In engaging this noted orchestral director for a series of concerts, they generously provided the opportunity for many more listeners to hear his artistry than heard it before. It is gratifying news that Mr. Toscanini will return to us next year, and that his series will be extended. Also that he will tour with the orchestra, giving a number of concerts in several American cities, which will enable the public to see, as well as hear, him and the orchestra. Further gratifying news is that the conductor has signed an agreement with the National Broadcasting Company for a period of three years.

It has been said in the press that all of Mr. Toscanini's programs were recorded. This is undoubtedly true, but it should not be assumed that these

*(Continued on next page)*

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were all commercial recordings. The National Broadcasting Company takes recordings generally of all its foremost programs for its own file. These protect it from any disputes that may later arise relative to a program that has been broadcast.

As far as we know, only three recordings for commercial release were taken from the NBC Orchestra under the Italian conductor. These were Mozart's *G minor Symphony*, Haydn's *G major Symphony* (No. 13), and two movements from Beethoven's *Opus 135 String Quartet*, played by the full string section of the orchestra. An effort was made, we understand, to record Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, when the Maestro played it in Carnegie Hall in February, but we hear that the set-up was not good, and hence it looks as though his performance of the *Ninth* will have to await another time for issuance on records. It must not be thought that RCA-Victor are the only ones who decide upon the rightness of the recording; the Maestro passes on his own recordings, and his agreement with RCA-Victor, we understand, includes the right to reject anything he does not like. So if none of the recordings mentioned above materializes, no censure of the recording company should be forthcoming. Toscanini is extremely particular about balance, tonal quality and performance; and he is not always satisfied with his own readings even though his listeners may be.

\* \* \*

Last Fall RCA-Victor made arrangements with that enterprising New York chamber music society, The New Friends of Music, to record a number of the performances that The Friends would give during their concert season. This has resulted in a special list of works which the reader can procure through his dealer. The concerts of The Friends this year featured the music of Mozart, Schubert and Schumann. To date, in connection with the agreement, the following have been released:

MOZART: *Serenade No. 12 in C minor*, K. 388 (Arthur Fiedler's Sinfonietta - Victor set M-433); *Serenade - Eine kleine Nachtmusik* K. 525 (Pro Arte Quartet with C. Hobday - set M-428); *Piano Quartet in E flat* K. 438 (Hortense Monath and Pasquier Trio - set M-438); *Sextet*, K. 522 - for strings and horns (Kolisch Quartet, D. Caputo and J. Barrows - set M-432); *Flute Quartet in A*, K. 298 (Le Roy and Pasquier Trio - disc 12165); *Divertimento No. 15 in B flat*, K. 287 - strings and horns (Fiedler's Sinfonietta - set M-434); *Songs - Abendempfindung, Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte*, and *Der Zauberer*

(Ria Ginster - disc 14824); *Songs - Das Veilchen and An Chloe* (Ginster - disc 1869).

SCHUBERT: *Piano Trio in B flat, Opus 99* (K. U. Schnabel, A. Onnou and R. Maas - set M-429); *String Trio in B flat* (Pasquier Trio - set M-435); *Piano Works for Four Hands* (Artur and Karl U. Schnabel - sets M-436 and 437); and *Song - Der Hirt auf dem Felsen* (Elis. Schumann - disc 14815).

SCHUMANN: *Piano Quartet, Opus 47* (Hortense Monath and Kolisch Quartet members - set M-431); and *Songs - Liederkreis* (Cycle) (F. Schorr - set M-430).

Hearings of the above recordings establish the fact that we owe The New Friends of Music a vote of thanks for several fine performances of works that it is doubtful we would have received had it not been for their association with the recorders. Among these we would number all the Mozart recordings except the *Sonata for Bassoon and Cello* (Victor disc 12149). The unfortunate reversal of parts in this recording has already been discussed in the magazine. From all reports, the fault for this seems to lie with Mr. Schuster, the cellist. It has been assumed that he owned the sonata in a two-cello arrangement, and that in handing out the part to the bassoon he reversed the order. Through these recordings we are introduced to the pianistic artistry of Hortense Monath, the American pianist, a pupil of Schnabel's. Miss Monath gives a good account of herself in the Mozart and Schumann piano quartets, and it is to be hoped that she will be heard in other recordings in the future. There are several unfortunate releases, as far as performances are concerned, in the list: the new version, for example, of Schubert's *Piano Trio in B flat*, which in no way can be said to measure up to two previous versions; the two albums of Schubert's four-hand piano music, which cannot be rated as first-class Schubert; and the performance of Schumann's lovely song-cycle, *Liederkreis*, sung by Mr. Schorr, whose voice today is no longer at its best.

The New Friends of Music announces that it has formed a chamber orchestra of thirty-six men, whose performances will be included in the subscription series of sixteen concerts to be offered at the Town Hall during the season of 1938-39. The musical director of the orchestra will be Fritz Stiedry, the Austrian conductor. The music to be presented next season will be drawn from the works of Bach and Beethoven. It is to be hoped that RCA-Victor will make arrangements to record some of the outstanding performances that are to be presented.



# Deems Taylor — Composer-Commentator

By V. L. FLETCHER

**I**N the past few years Deems Taylor has sometimes wondered whether he is a composer or a commentator. So far both interests have kept fairly well abreast of each other. His book, "Of Men and Music," published this year, appeared to represent a full-time schedule for him as a radio commentator for the Columbia network. But simultaneously comes the announcement that he is also completing a new opera.

Its title is *Ramuntcho*, and it is based on the novel of the same name by Pierre Loti. Taylor read the book three years ago, and was struck by its possibilities for an opera libretto. But he was only able to make a few rough sketches of possible scenes until, a year later, he visited its locale in the French Basque country around St. Jean de Luz. There he was so impressed that on his return he immediately set to work, and finished the piano draft last August. He is at present working on the orchestration.

"I don't know whether *Ramuntcho* will be better than *The King's Henchman* or *Peter Ibbetson*," he says. "I haven't tried any dramatic or musical innovations. All I've tried to do is write a little music . . . and to hope that people like it."

## A Stimulating Commentator

If he should ever abandon everything else for composition, it would no doubt be excellent for Mr. Taylor, but unfortunate for his radio public. For undoubtedly he is one of the most popular and stimulating commentators on the air today. His long familiarity with the materials of actual composition make his weekly remarks ring with a living quality that is often lacking in more theoretical criticism. He has worked long enough at the heart of music to be simple about it.

Deems Taylor enjoys his work as a radio commentator, partly because he likes to write. He has a formidable technique at his disposal — piled up from years of writing for

such periodicals as *Collier's*, *Musical America*, the *New York Morning World*, and the *New York American*. He has the knack of picturesque and witty speech down to a science, and even in private conversation his remarks overflow with metaphors and puns.

More vital, however, is his desire as a music-maker to remind the American audience at every opportunity that music should be regarded not as a remote art, but as a normal part of everyday life.

"American audiences are apt to assume a bedside manner when they approach serious music," he says. "They go to a symphony concert as though they were going to church or performing a slightly disagreeable religious duty.

"This timid yet snobbish attitude has been fostered among Americans by bad publicity, egotistical artists, and sentimental novelists. It is horrible to the composer. He has made his music to be enjoyed. He doesn't want it projected into a great vacuum of respect. Let his audience love it or hate it, he doesn't care, so long as they receive it with a sensible, honest and personal reaction.

"My attitude in commenting on music, therefore, is to make it as real and exciting as a book or a play or a movie, or any of the various forms of entertainment which people enjoy. As a commentator, I don't have to be a critic or a musicologist. I'm just a toast-master, whose business it is to whet your appetite for what is to come."

## Radio Offers Many Opportunities

Mr. Taylor finds that radio as a medium affords him more opportunity to do this than any other medium he has tried.

"In the first place, radio speech must be conversational, natural and normal," he says. "Radio is talking to two people, not to nine million people. Radio has no audience in the mass sense of the word. The radio listener has no audience reaction. If half a theatre audience laughs, the other half will usually



laugh too. But when you sit at a loud-speaker, nobody influences you. That's why a radio speaker cannot make a speech, or rant, or orate. He must chat in *tête-à-tête* fashion.

"In the second place, radio forces the speaker to be sincere. You have to mean what you say on the air. The microphone is the greatest lie-detector in the world. It detects false sentimentality, and forced praise. Many times I have had to comment on compositions which I personally did not like. I have learned not to discuss these pieces directly. Instead I talk around the composition, or use it as a springboard for a general discussion."

In his early days of radio commentating, Mr. Taylor had special recordings made of his weekly talks and studied them. He found that they proved his most valuable and unprejudiced critics. Through them he learned the proper pacing of his sentences, his word speed, voice dynamics, and the like. He still makes occasional recordings to check on his delivery.

For the subject matter of his Philharmonic intermission talks, Mr. Taylor has wide leeway. He may comment on the compositions or the program, piece by piece. Or he may devote his attention to a single composer or composition he finds outstanding. Or he may use some element in the program as a springboard for one of his famous "essays on music."

### Avoids Technical Talk

"In discussing actual compositions," he says, "I avoid technical talk almost entirely. Technical talk is shop-talk. It is interesting only to students or professional musicians. I assume that my audience is composed of intelligent people who want to listen to good music, but who are indifferent to actual technical knowledge. Why should I bore them with long descriptions of what the oboe does in the second movement or how the fugato begins in the 22nd bar?"

"As a matter of fact, I find that a technical familiarity with music has nothing to do with a person's natural love for music. Technical knowledge adds an intellectual pleasure to listening, nothing more. A judge at a dog show may know everything about dogs' points, but not be fond of dogs. Teatasters usually hate tea. Professional, technically-skilled musicians may be able to argue for hours about the turn of a phrase, and yet not thrill to the entire symphony."

If it is necessary for him to mention a technical term, Mr. Taylor always explains it

fully. However, he tries to avoid analyses of architectural form as much as possible. Very rarely, he may point out some technical device that may have what he calls a "cross-word puzzle" interest — such as the *passacaglia* device in the last movement of Brahms' *Fourth Symphony*.

He never explains the "meanings" of a symphony or tone poem, but if a piece has a program, he will always dictate it to the audience, word for word, asking that they write it down. This is because he feels that the program in a piece of program music is a living part of the composition, and as such should be shared with the listener.

### Likes Colorful Anecdotes

He likes to tell colorful anecdotes and human-interest stories about composers. But he won't tell them unless he is positive of their truth. With a wide background of reading and writing experience in music, he has a deep store of material to draw upon. However, he finds that his mind like anyone else's is as full of misconceptions and falsehoods as of real facts, and he must do constant research on his material to keep it authentic.

"I prefer anecdotes about composers which make them into living flesh-and-blood people," he says. "If a composer was a scoundrel and a rake, let it be told about him. A great many people were horrified at my description of Wagner in the talk entitled 'The Monster', but it has always seemed to me that the more earth-bound a composer was personally, the more dramatic the material of his music will seem."

Taylor is also a believer in making his style fit the subject. He does not feel that all music should be handled with heavy seriousness. If a composition is jolly, it deserves a wise-crack, or a funny story, to put the listeners in the proper mood.

His "essays on music" in which he uses a slight element in the program as text for a general discussion, are not pure commentating in the strict sense of the word. But he feels that they are necessary under the present conditions.

"The concerts of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society are broadcast over a coast-to-coast network, and heard in many parts of the country where people have no access to new books on music or even to well-informed newspaper and magazine articles on music," he says. "Therefore the radio commentator must occasionally supply that lack. Every now and then, he must lift his nose from the grindstone and take a view of music



as a whole. He must stimulate thought about aspects of music which part of his audience may never have considered."

About once a month, Mr. Taylor tries to do this. Sometimes he is inspired by the immediate program at hand — as in the case of the talk he gave last year on American composers, which was directly inspired by the Philharmonic's performance of a new Samuel Barber symphony. More often, however, a letter from one of his listeners will touch off the spark.

The talk on young musicians who were killed in the World War was in answer to a letter from a listener who had asked why there were no Brahmses or Beethovens today. A critical letter inspired the talk on modern music. And a month or so ago, a man in Alberta, Canada, sent in such an interesting letter about listening to music that Taylor read it as an "essay" in itself over the air. It was some 1800 words long.

### Has Large Correspondence

Letters criticizing and praising his comments on the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society's Sunday afternoon concerts come to Taylor at the rate of several hundred a week. This is double the amount of fan mail he received last year.

"In general I feel that the musical taste of the American audience is steadily rising," he says. "Certainly the number of opportunities for hearing good music is constantly increasing. The recording companies started it. Roxie with his Strand Orchestra in 1914 began the glamourizing of symphonic music. Radio took it up, until now the very finest of symphonic music may be heard at almost any hour of the day."

Mr. Taylor is particularly interested in radio as a patron of composers. It was he who first sponsored the idea of Columbia's First Composers Commission, which commissioned six native American composers to write special works for radio. He is also in charge of the Second Composers Commission, which recently announced sponsorship of works by six more Americans, including Nathaniel Dett, Quincy Porter, Robert Rus-

sell Bennett, Leo Sowerby, Vittorio Gnanini, and Jerome Moross.

As far as recordings are concerned, Mr. Taylor feels that they are of vital importance in the musical education of America. He feels that a study of the record sales of the past ten or fifteen years alone would show a striking change in the nation's attitude toward music.

### It Is The Music Today

"Twenty years ago records were sold on the names of the performers," he says. "People bought a Caruso record or a Bori record. They didn't care whether Caruso sang Verdi or Tosti. Today people buy records for the music. They ask for Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*, not for Toscanini, Stokowski, or Mengelberg. The only field left in which the performer is bought, instead of the music, is in the field of popular recordings, where people still ask for their favorite crooner or swing band."

Mr. Taylor owns a large library of recordings himself, and is a great admirer of their technical perfection. However, he is anxious for the day to come when full symphonies and operas will be recorded on film. It irks him when a symphony must be interrupted in the middle of a phrase to turn over the disc, and he does not see why both film recordings and the machines for their use should not have been on the market years ago.

"Of course the answer is that such an invention would scrap half our record catalogue," he says. "That would be unfortunate, but obsolete equipment in other fields has been scrapped in the past."

"Still if we don't want to scrap our present system of recordings, why wouldn't it be possible to manufacture machines with double turn-tables for home use? Double and even triple turn-tables are used all the time at broadcasting stations for linking recorded sound effects. Their public use would make it possible to shorten the break between records to the fraction of a second. Discs then would be recorded alternately, instead of back to back, and simply by laying Part One and Part Two on the turn-tables side by side, the operator could link the two parts into each other with scarcely a pause between."





# Henry Purcell—An English Master

## SOME NOTES AND A REVIEW

COMPOSERS are the most helpless of all creative artists. The notation through which they must express themselves is at best only approximate; the eventual realization of their written wishes is subject to the ability and idiosyncrasies of performers; and well-meaning transcribers or editors always stand willing to perform shotgun marriages between different styles or media. Symphony orchestras play arrangements of Chopin's mazurkas; pianists perform transcriptions of Wagner's *Overture to Tannhäuser*.

Before we condemn all arrangements, however, we must realize that the problem of transcription boils down to a conflict between artistic and ethical issues. It cannot be denied that arrangements have made certain masters better known. Liszt's piano recitals, for example, helped popularize the fantasias and fugues of Bach and the songs of Schubert; and Stokowski has performed similar feats of propaganda in more recent days. How far, however, can this practice be carried before the quality of the original noble metal is debased in its recastings?

This question is again raised by the recordings of nine Purcell *Fantasias*, which form a part of Volume I of the English Music Society, recently released for domestic distribution by Columbia\*. In this particular instance the question is of great moment, for Purcell is to all intent and purpose a little-known composer, and an organization which issues his works has, therefore, a serious responsibility to the music public.

Purcell's *Fantasias* represent the culminating achievements of one of the world's most unique schools of instrumental composers—the English writers of music for consorts of viols, who flourished from 1590 to 1680. Such misconceptions as exist about their music are due to the shabby way in which it has been treated by older historians, to the selection of untypical works as examples, to unfortunate arrangements, and above all to a lack of knowledge of the tradition of the fantasias, of their social purpose, and of the instruments for which they were written.

The fantasia (also called fantazia, fancy or phancy), like the madrigal, passed

through its early stages in the Netherlands and Italy and reached its apotheosis in England. In texture it represented a survival of sixteenth-century imitative counterpoint, particularly as found in the motet. Fantasias were for the most part composed of a series of short episodes, independent in subject matter, contrasted in style and in later works also in key, and as the name indicates, were somewhat improvisational in character: witness Morley's frequently quoted remark about the composer who "taketh a point (*theme*) at his pleasure, and worketh and turneth it as he list, making much or little of it according as shall seeme best in his own conceit. In this way more art be showne then in any other musicke because the composer is tide to nothing but that he may adde, deminish, and alter at his pleasure." (*A Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practicall Musicke*, page 181; London, 1597).

The fantasias were an earlier form of our modern *Spielmusik* (*Gebrauchsmusik*), that is, they were designed for performers and not for audiences; and that joy which comes from participating in any concerted work (so well described by the rather untranslatable *Musizierfreude*) could hardly be felt more keenly than in performances of them. The fantasias were essentially gentle music. Praetorius in his *Syntagma musicum* describes the instrumental consort as an ensemble in which a "Compagny unnd Gesellschaft gar still, sanfft unnd lieblich accordiren, unnd in anmutiger Symphonia mit einander zusammen stimmen"\*\*\*; and Mace in *Musick's Monument* characterizes works in this form as "Grave Musick" all of which were so many "Pathetical Stories, Rhetorical and Sublime Discourses, Subtel and Accute Argumentations; so Suitable and Agreeing to the Inward, Secret and Intellectual Faculties of the Soul and Mind; that to set Them forth according to their True Praise, there are no Words Sufficient in Language . . . Tis Great Pity that Few Believe this Much."

All instrumental music, no matter of what era, is conditioned by, among other things, the medium for which it is written. The piano governs the style of the music of Chopin, the modern symphony orchestra that of the tone-

\*PURCELL - Music of, English Music Society — Volume I. Columbia Set No. 315. In 16 parts, three 10-inch discs and five 12-inch discs, price \$14.50.

\*\*\*"gathering and company harmonize softly, smoothly, and tenderly, and join together in pleasant symphony."



By MARTIN BERNSTEIN

poems of Richard Strauss. Similarly the viols governed the style of the fantasias. In contradistinction to the instruments of the violin family, the viols were easy to play. A chest of viols was found in every well-to-do household; and the gentleman of the times included the easily attained proficiency on these instruments among the amenities of cultured living. The viols gave forth a clear, slightly nasal tone, wholly different from that of the violin group and thoroughly admirable for the performance of polyphonic music. Furthermore, the instruments, although appearing in several sizes and pitch-ranges in the consort blended much more satisfactorily than the instruments of the modern string quartet. Composers remained true to the polyphonic ideal in making the individual instrumental parts of equal melodic interest. Mace takes pride in observing that "We had all these consorts to equally sized instruments, rare chests of viols and equally performed: for we would never allow any performer to overtop or outery another by loud play, but our great care was to have all the parts equally heard."

Purcell's fantasias, written in 1680 when he was only twenty-two years old, represent his sole excursion into the realm of music which we usually associate with a preceding epoch. The reasons for Purcell's occupation with a form that had already become outmoded furnish interesting grounds for speculation, for unlike the bulk of his music the fantasias were not published during his lifetime, nor do they bear any clue suggesting the purpose for which they were written. There is a hint of an intellectual approach in the systematic scheme of composition which recalls that of Bach's *Orgelbüchlein* and *The Well-Tempered Clavier*: the manuscript is divided into sections headed *Here begineth ye 3 Part Fantazias*, *Here begineth ye 4 Part Fantazias*, etc. Blank pages indicate that other interests must have claimed Purcell's time.

In 1927, two hundred and forty-seven years later, the fantasias were rescued from oblivion by Philip Heseltine and André Mangeot, and they have since been frequently performed by the latter's International String

†Mr. Bernstein, who is Associate Professor of Music at New York University, has directed performances of three of Purcell's operas, two of them, *KING ARTHUR* and *DIOCLESIAN*, for the first time in America.



HENRY PURCELL, by Clostermann

Quartet. Considerable interest in Purcell and a thorough amazement at his contrapuntal facility and harmonic boldness were the natural results of these performances; and recent renditions in New York have also brought forth lavish praise despite the fact that the pure chamber music style of the works disappeared through their being performed by a large string orchestra. One can not help but wonder what will happen when Purcell's finest music, that which he wrote for the lusty Restoration Theatre, is finally rescued from its undeserved neglect.

The International String Quartet has made these first recordings of the fantasias, and they bring to their performance all the weight of authority which goes with long familiarity with so distinct an idiom as Purcell's. If we grant that the fantasias permit of performance by a string quartet, the International's version leaves nothing to be desired. Polyphonic textures withstand almost any type of transcription, and there is no reason why the Purcell fantasias should not be played by wood-wind, saxophone or brass ensembles as well, provided the performances are private and are undertaken purely for the delectation of the players and not as public demonstrations of Purcell's art. That the recorded version of the works will give pleasure to many people can not be denied; but fairness demands that we admit that the breadth and the passionate intensity of the violin tone,



the inequality of the instruments and the violinistic bowings are completely foreign to the fantasia. The ever-discerning Mace has laid down the precept which governs the case. Deploring the changes in fashion which ousted the clear-toned viols and their gentle fantasias he writes: "Whereas now the Fashion has Cry'd These Things Down, and set up others in their Room, which I confess make a Greater Noise; but which of the Two is the Better Fashion, I leave to be Judg'd by the Judicious."

The familiar and inexplicably designated *Golden Sonata* for two violins and figured bass occupies two sides of this Purcell album. The glamorous title probably accounts for its position of eminence in the collection of *Ten Sonatas of Four Parts*, published in 1697 by the composer's widow. The work represents Purcell's homage to the brilliant style of the Italian violinists of his day. Isolde Menges and William Primrose play two of the work's constituent voices with admirable effect. The third, the bass, is almost a total loss, for through misunderstanding of the *modus operandi* of a trio-sonata, the lowest line has been made to appear as an accompaniment instead of an active participant in what is essentially a concerto. And why the use of a viola da gamba? Mace cautions against such musical miscegenation as results from combining the viol and the violin families and gives this warning: "Be sure you make an equal Provision for Them (*the violins*), by the Addition and Strength of Basses; so that They may not Out-Cry the Rest of the Musick (*the Basses especially*) . . ."

Purcell acknowledged his debt to "the most fam'd Italian Masters" in the foreword to an earlier collection of sonatas. The *Golden Sonata* may be submitted as proof that Handel, in turn, was indebted to Purcell; and many of the imposing choruses from the dramatic works might also be cited in this connection.

The vocal parts of the album, three songs, *The Aspiration*, *If Music be the Food of Love*, *I Love and I Must*; and two catches, *I Gave Them Cakes* and *To Thee, To Thee and To a Maid* represent another aspect of a composer whose many-sidedness can be compared only with that of Bach or Mozart. Nowhere is he more typically an artist of the Restoration Period than in his vocal music, and nowhere else is his melodic utterance as

spontaneous. The catches, as typical products of their age, have texts which W. Barclay Squire, who edited them for the Purcell Society's Edition, deemed "grossly indecent." But Purcell's music seems sadly denatured when supplied with texts that Mendelssohn would have preferred. Let it be borne in mind that the catches, like the fantasias, were written for performers, not listeners, and that they were designed "For Men Only". Purcell's editors have striven valiantly to remove the Restoration taint from him, the duet of the shepherds in *King Arthur*, for example, becoming a panegyric on "love and friendship" instead of some pointed remarks about marriage. For the catches here recorded the English Music Society in a sudden burst of authenticity has disregarded the Bowdlerized versions and has used settings taken from manuscripts in the British Museum.

It might be appropriate to observe at this point that the performance of all the concerted music, vocal or instrumental, written before the time of Haydn involves many questions of style, instrumentation, realization of figured basses, and so forth. With the continually increasing interest in older music, it therefore behooves the recording companies to issue works in as authentic a version as possible. In this respect they might take their cue from Hollywood and the stress which it places on authenticity of detail; and in their own fields, they would do well to emulate the manner in which the albums of the *Anthologie sonore* have been issued. That entire project has had the eminent Dr. Curt Sachs as its "musicological director", and as a result it is stylistically above reproach. The notes which accompany the anthology mention meticulously the sources of the music recorded, and stylistic considerations are thoroughly discussed. No musicological consultant would have allowed a Mozart *Sonata for Bassoon and Cello* to be recorded with its parts reversed; nor would a chamber music ensemble like the American Society of Ancient Instruments have been permitted to record on the viols, dances from Purcell's opera *Dioclesian* which were written for a theatre orchestra whose string instruments, as specially indicated by the composer, were of the violin family, a group which had first achieved eminence in England because of its suitability for dance music.





# This Thing Called Style

By PHILIP MILLER

**S**TYLE in musical performance is like charm in a woman: "If you have it," the sagacious Maggie Shand told her brothers, "you don't need anything else; and if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have." To say that a performer has style is the highest compliment we can pay, just as to assert that he lacks it amounts to artistic condemnation. If he hasn't a feeling for it by nature it is rather less than likely that he will ever develop it, and all the technique in the world will not make an artist of him.

Style, I should say, is the ability of the performer to identify himself with the background, thought and purpose of the composer. There are, consequently, as many styles as there are composers, and what is good style in one is quite frequently all wrong in another. This accounts for the fact that most of our brilliant Chopin players flounder badly in Bach, that the opera singer is usually a total loss in songs, that the violin virtuoso famous for his mastery of Sarasate is not the most likely interpreter for the sonatas of Beethoven, and that the Puccini or Wagner specialist is rarely a success in Mozart. Yet the fundamental truths of music remain for Stravinsky and Ernest Bloch just as they stood for Palestrina and Buxtehude: times and attitudes change, and are reflected in musical expression, yet essentially the art is the same as it has always been, whether its manifestation be polyphonic or homophonic. Style, in its largest sense, is the ability to grasp these changes: it is the truth that makes the musician free.

Just as the principles of music have remained constant throughout the ages, so are the aim and purpose of the art consistent in the various media in which it finds its expression. The same set of standards obtain, or should obtain, for organists, for conductors, for lutenists — even for vocalists, in spite of the general feeling to the contrary. The old gag about singers and musicians is no longer so true or so funny as once it was; but the vocalist who can read madrigals at sight or talk intelligently about music in general is

still looked upon with something like wonder. Singers have always been the most pampered of musical artists, owing, no doubt, to the glamor which surrounds an opera career.

Strangely, today the positions are being reversed. Now it is the violinist, the pianist or the conductor whom people flock to hear, and the orchestra has come into its own as a source of popular entertainment. Singing, which is essentially the most expressive and personal medium possible to music, is nowadays apparently the least understood. The explanation of this phenomenon is, I believe, to be found in the tide of musical adventure and expressiveness which swept over the world in the nineteenth century. Opera singing (which has constituted the greater part of professional vocalism ever since the art was transplanted from the church to the theatre) had developed more and more into bravura display, designed to astonish and enrapture the unthinking. Meanwhile the possibilities of the orchestra, the string quartet and the piano as media of intense and personal expression were coming to be better understood. The reforms of Wagner were slow in taking effect because of the completely new technique which he required of his performers and the sheerly physical demands he made upon a softened and spoiled group of artists. Today it is the Wagnerian singer who dominates the opera; and with the growing realization of the unapproachable intimacy of the lied and the consequent interest in the song recital, the art of singing shows signs of again assuming its rightful position.

There has been a similar change in the style of playing various instruments—the piano is a striking example. As fashions in piano composition shifted from the thundering and often empty virtuosity and sentimentality of Liszt to the subtle and delicate impressionism of Debussy, the manner of playing changed too. And if the pianists of today are less muscular and more intellectual than their predecessors, who shall say there has been a loss? However, I have the greatest admiration for the remaining exponents of the older school — with all their definite limitations



they can certainly teach their juniors something about style.

With purely bravura music, either vocal or instrumental, this article has little to do. Music is more than "a concord of sweet sounds" or a set of fireworks. True, the elements of color and excitement upon which such music is built are an important part of the serious composer's equipment, and the technical mastery necessary to its performance cannot fail to aid the interpreter in his study of sturdier stuff, but when display becomes the whole object of a performance (even the display of beautiful sound) the condition is not a healthy one.

If, as we are told, a man is the sum of his experiences, the same is perhaps even more true of his artistic endeavors. If Bach had not experienced the music of Schütz and Buxtehude he would not have written as he did; if Brahms had never come under the influence of Schumann nor studied so carefully the music of the classical and pre-classical schools his music could never have been what it is: and without Beethoven and Wagner Bruckner and Mahler would have been impossible. Therefore, properly to understand Bach one must first give some thought to Buxtehude and Schütz, just as in studying Mozart one can hardly overlook Haydn. And it is a correlary that every pianist can learn something from the playing of a great cellist, and that no organist should disdain to listen to a violin.

There are two methods of approach to every piece of music. In our study we should first consider the work as a whole (for it must have continuity and logic) and then the details which go into making up this whole. The singer has an inestimable advantage over the instrumentalist in that he is given words to sing: thus the larger meaning and inspiration of the music is made clear to him, and at the same time he has the opportunity, if his imagination and skill are equal to it, of bringing out the subtleties of the poetic thought. There are infinite possibilities inherent in the singing of words, but whatever one does in vocal or instrumental music must fit securely into that abstract frame of the composition which we call style. A composer writes certain notes to express his idea or mood, and it is for the interpreter to find this mood or idea and express it by means of the notes which the composer has set down. The more closely he sticks to the literal text in bringing out that meaning the more likely he is to be able to express the composer's intentions. Every alteration he makes, however

trivial in itself, helps to obscure these intentions.

The elements of style are fourfold — *pacing, line, phrasing, and rhythm*. These things are established and sustained not by metronome and expression marks but rather by a feeling for the music itself. All of the directions which a composer gives can actually be little more than suggestive, and can rarely be taken quite literally. Two interpreters can *pace* a composition identically according to the metronome, yet while one performance will sound absolutely poised the other may be either dragged or hurried if the artist does not *feel* the music in that exact speed. Or one pianist will play a certain passage *fortissimo* where a *mezzoforte* will suffice another, because of the differences in their dynamic scalings. No true artist plays softly or loudly simply because he is so directed by the printed score. Though we should not overlook the composer's markings, we must at the same time not forget the fact that these things are simply means to an end.

*Line* is the control and equalization, the mastery which makes of the voice or instrument a unified whole. The idea of high notes and low notes is a purely artificial one — there is actually no such thing as height or depth in music. Ideally, then, we should not be conscious of the high or the low for its own sake, but only as the intensification or relaxation of expression. In singing this is the basis of vocal color, and in the art of our greatest vocalists it takes the place of that exaggerated and inartistic emotionalizing and sobbing which mars the work of so many well known opera singers. True and deep emotion is a restrained and dignified thing. The great artist is the one who *suggests* more of feeling than he actually expresses. And this restraint and this suggestion depend largely on his mastery of *line*.

*Phrasing* is really a matter of natural feeling. The born stylist will never phrase inartistically. In vocal music the sense of the words sometimes presents an additional problem, since composers are not always too careful in their setting of language. If a compromise is necessary this is the responsibility of the composer rather than of the interpreter. The latter is simply forced to use his judgment.

But most important of all is the sense of *rhythm*. This is the real essence of style. Without it the most beautiful of sounds are dull and lifeless. It is rhythm which breathes life and meaning into the art. And it is precisely this which sets apart the work of a Toscanini, a Beecham, a Casals, a Landow-



ska or an Elisabeth Schumann. It is this unfailing pulse, which beats no more metronomically than a man's heart, but which, like the heart, has a steady and unceasing logic.

The earliest music was vocal music (except, perhaps, the ceremonial drum-beatings of primitive man) and grew out of speech. The oldest of folksongs, the most ancient chants which have come down to us, the plainsong of the medieval church — all are as rhythmic as the words which inspired them. And speech, like every other natural thing man does, is more or less rhythmic according to the personality and feeling of the individual. The perfectly healthy man does all things rhythmically.

Rhythm has little to do with measures and metres. It is a common error to speak of a march or a waltz as being rhythmic, while overlooking that an *Adagio* movement or an Anglican chant, properly performed, is equally so. The earliest written music had no bar lines, for those who performed it were sensitive enough to grasp the rhythmic feeling without such aids. Gradually, as man became "educated", these artificial helps were added and it became the rule to maintain a more or less continuous metric pattern throughout a composition. One of the advances of modern music is the return to the original freedom which recognizes that metre and rhythm are not the same thing.

If one talks metronomically the result is a singsong. Yet the secret of our finest Shakespearean actors is to be sought in the rhythm of their declamation. Beautiful speech is never on a dead metric level: it quickens and slackens its pace according to the dictates of the meaning it expresses. We say that a man talks quickly or slowly: this does not mean that he always speaks in the same tempo, but that there is a norm and average by which his speech is characterized. So in a movement of music there will be *accelerandi* and *rallentandi*, but these must gravitate, so to speak, about a central tempo, which is the pulse that holds the work together.

And it is also this pulse which makes it possible for a great musician to perform a work superlatively well on a number of occasions, and yet vary his interpretation each time. The true artist does not learn his music as a parrot learns his words, and always repeat them in the same manner. The musician with a fine sense of rhythm can alter completely his tone and expression, and make each repetition more thrilling than the last.

Paradoxically, the real *tempo rubato* is governed by this same sense of rhythmic

steadiness. The student of Chopin generally sees in *rubato* no more than a license to play unrhythmically, but this is the very point which distinguishes the playing of the great Chopin players. If *rubato* is not governed by rhythmic logic it degenerates into nothing more than downright bad playing. *Rubato* misplaced is one of the worst offenses against good taste, though the germ of it is to be found in all music. Liszt likened *rubato* to the rocking of a boat on the waves. To rock as violently in Mozart as in Chopin is out of place, yet Mozart of all composers must be performed with elasticity.

I hardly need add that stylistic perfection is impossible without a solid technical equipment. It is true that the technically perfect performer is often tragically lacking in the very qualities which really make music, and at the same time that many an artist has covered up technical shortcomings by means of expressive powers. In the long run, I think most of us prefer the latter type. We say of a singer "He has a terrible voice, but he is a great artist." Usually, of course, we actually mean that he uses his voice badly, but that we accept his inadequacies because his singing expresses something. On the other hand, what can be more deadly than a beautiful and meaningless sound after the novelty has worn off? Technique is, or should be, merely an aid to style. But that musician who has something to say and neglects to develop the means of saying it is being fair neither to himself nor to his public.

It would be easy to mention the names of prominent artists who have this or who lack that, but such conclusions had best be left to the reader. Nevertheless, the fact should be stressed that very few of the top-notchers are gifted with everything. Usually an artist is noted for one thing alone — his tone, his technical mastery, his musical understanding (often confined to one school of music), his dramatic ability or simply his personality. The names of our distinguished artists are legion, but among them the complete musicians are few indeed.

When an artist is young he can disguise his deficiencies with enthusiasm and personal charm, or, as is the case with so many of our younger singers, with sheerly natural tonal beauty. But if, as he grows older, he fails to develop those lasting qualities which can take the place of those he must inevitably lose, his career will not be a long one. Music is at once a physical and a mental growth — and he who fails to grow in his art is no true artist. While he is young he must develop his natural sense of style.



# Overtones

NEW symphonic recordings in Europe include: Beethoven's *Eroica Symphony* in a performance by Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, direction Eugen Jochum (Telefunken discs RE 2311 to 16); Mozart's *Overture for Grand Orchestra in B flat*, a newly discovered work written originally by the composer in Paris in August-September 1778, played by the Concert Society Orchestra, direction Edvard Fendler (HMV disc DB 5050); Mozart's *Marches in D major*, K. 335 and 408, and Haydn's *Overture in D major*, played by the same organization (HMV disc DB 4912); Mozart's *Jupiter Symphony*, with his overture to *La Finta Giardiniera* on the last face, performed by Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (HMV discs DB 3428-31); Brahms' *Tragic Overture*, with the *Minuet* from Beethoven's *First Symphony* on the last side, played by Toscanini and the B. B. C. Orchestra (HMV discs DB 3349-50); Grieg's *Two Elegiac Melodies—Heart Wounds and Spring*, performed by the London Symphony under Eugene Goossens' direction (HMV disc C-2935); and *Extracts* from Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*, in a performance by Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia discs LX-702-03).

Among new recordings of concertos are the *Concerto for Strings in A minor, Opus 3, No. 8* of Vivaldi, in a performance by the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam under Mengelberg's direction (Telefunken discs SK 2401-02); Vivaldi's *Concert da Camera (Chamber Concerto)* in a performance by Alfred Cortot; and Schumann's *Violin Concerto*, in a performance by Georg Kulenkampff and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, direction Schmitt-Isserstedt (Telefunken discs E-2395-8).

Speaking of the Schumann *Violin Concerto*, we have been given to understand that Yehudi Menuhin recorded it with Barbirolli and the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. It is also rumored that Mr. Barbirolli has made or is to make some recordings with the same orchestra of his suite-arrangements of Purcell's music. This is good news indeed, for the music of Purcell is most interesting and worthwhile.

The Busch Quartet recording of Beethoven's *Quartet in A minor, Opus 132*, has been released in England (HMV discs DB 3375-

39). The same high praise extended to their performance of *Opus 127* has been accorded this release. Let us hope that RCA-Victor will be able to see their way clear to releasing these two sets in the near future.

The Pasquier Trio, whom we have found occasion to praise elsewhere in this issue, have recorded Beethoven's *Serenade Trio, Opus 8* (Columbia DX 825-27).

Szigeti, who has contributed many fine recordings, seems to have established an all-time high for himself in his performance of Brahms' *Sonata in D minor, Opus 108*. With the aid of Egon Petri, the violinist has turned out a performance that has created no end of critical encomiums in England (Columbia discs LX 8374-6).

The last *Beethoven Sonata Society* album, No. 12 (HMV discs 3343-48), has been issued. It contains the *Sonatas in C minor, Op. 10, No. 1*; in *D major, Opus 10, No. 3*; and in *G major, Opus 79*. Schnabel, of course, is the pianist.

Kerstin Thorborg with Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic have recorded Mahler's song *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*. This is the same song that Mme. Charles Cahier, the great Mahler interpreter, once made for Ultraphone (disc No. E-288), which being withdrawn is now a collector's item of rare importance.

Alfred Cortot has been busy in the recording studios of late. Among his newest contributions to the phonograph are Mendelssohn's *Variations Serieuses, Opus 54*; Schumann's *Kreisleriana, Davidsbündlertänze* and *Kinderscenen*.

Charles Panzera, the eminent French baritone, continues his series of French songs with a disc containing Fauré's *Extase* and *Aurore* (HMV DA 4913).

During the final weeks of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra broadcasts distinguished solo instrumentalists, singers and choral groups will be presented in programs featuring several first performances.

On April 10th, Abram Chasins will play a first performance of his *Second Piano Concerto* in its revised form, and the orchestra

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# Record Notes and Reviews

Reviewers in This Issue: NATHAN BRODER, PAUL GIRARD,

PHILIP MILLER and PETER HUGH REED

## ORCHESTRA

**DARGOMIJSKY:** *Roussalka—Ballet music: Danses Slaves et Tziganes*; played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, direction of Antal Dorati. Columbia disc, No. 69126D, price \$1.50.

THE name of Dargomijsky is better known in this country than his music, and it is good to have this sample of his ballet style, especially as it comes in such a spacious and brilliant recording. There have been a couple of selections from *Roussalka* which have reached the American lists before, notably the *Miller's Air* sung for Victor by the great Chaliapin. This disc will be worth adding to them. The dances are spirited and colorful, characteristic of the nineteenth-century Russian school which was less frothy in this sort of thing than the French. —P. M.

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**CATALANI:** *La Wally—Walzer del bacio*; and *Loreley—Walzer dei fiori*; played by the Milan Symphony Orchestra, direction of Lorenzo Malajoli. Columbia disc, No. 69102, price \$1.50.

CATALANI is a musician's composer: the public has never taken any great interest in him, though his admirers include no less a person than Arturo Toscanini. It was Toscanini who introduced *La Wally* to New York during his first season at the Metropolitan, January 6, 1909, with a cast which included Destinn, Martin, Amato and Campanari. The work did not appeal in spite of the conductor and the stars, and no one has had the courage to try it again in New York. It is said that Toscanini had also considered producing *Loreley*, but he never carried out his intention, and Metropolitan audiences had to wait until March 4, 1922, when it was given with Muzio, Sundelius, Gigli, Mardones and Danise, under the direction of Roberto Moranzoni. The opera was given eight times and then forgotten.

This record presents a selection from each of these two works, but neither brings forth any very valid reason for Toscanini's admiration. Both are waltzes, and being Italian do not have much of the color and piquancy of the Viennese product, though they make pleasant listening, and derive no little charm from their skillful orchestration. Catalani could rise to eloquence on occasion, as witness *Wally's* aria, *Ebben, ne andro lontana*, but generally speaking he seems to have been a talented composer without overmuch individuality. The recording is up to Milan Symphony standards, and Cav. Molajoli leads an excellent performance. —P. M.

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**FALLA:** *Ritual dance of fire* (No. 7 from the ballet "*El Amor Brujo*"); and **GADE:** *Jalousie—Tango Tzigane*; played by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, direction of Arthur Fiedler. Victor disc, No. 12160, price \$1.50.

TO those who have waiting for an up-to-date recording of the *Ritual dance of fire* the fact that this one comes from Boston by way of Camden will be sufficient guarantee of quality. The music has, of course, been recorded plenty of times before, not only in its orchestral version, but also in a piano transcription, but for brilliant reproduction and strong honest playing I believe that this disc will in future be the obvious choice.

A play is made for a perhaps broader public on the reverse. *Jalousie* is now something of a classic among tangos, and is therefore considered worthy of the playing of the Bostonians and the Victor Red Seal. It is given a performance of lavish color, and Mr. Fiedler skillfully weaves its sinuous lines, though it is not altogether impossible that many listeners will miss the greater instrumental economy and the more telling suggestiveness of a genuine dance orchestra and a Latin temperament. Be that as it may, it seems that any criticism must



be a negative one, since the playing and recording both are in the best "Pops" tradition.

—P. M.

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HANDEL: *Handel series: Scipio—March; Joseph—Grand March; Water Music—Minuet; Fireworks Music—Minuets; Occasional Oratorio — March; Samson—Minuet; Hercules—March; Judas Macabeus—See the conquering hero comes, and March; Alceste—Grand March*; played by the British Light Orchestra, direction of Stephen S. Moore. Three Columbia ten-inch discs, Nos. 331M, 332M, 333M, price \$2.25 the set.

WE are so accustomed to thinking of Handel in terms of massed choruses and modern orchestral suites arranged from his operas that there is something curiously refreshing about this little set which makes no pretensions to authority or revelation. The conductor's name means nothing to me, and there is no particular reason to suspect him of being a great genius, but he does succeed in calling forth from his orchestra a performance that has fine spirit and verve. In the matter of finish the records are less remarkable, though I imagine this point as well as the size of the orchestra is nearer to the standards of performance in Handel's day than most modern readings. There is some imagination used in the orchestration—for the sake of variety the arranger has departed occasionally from Handel's scoring, and the selections include one chorus—but this also is very probably not far from the original tradition.

The suite contains marches and dances from a goodly number of operas and oratorios, most of which stand up sturdily against the passage of the years. To me the weak spot is the famous and rather Sullivanish *See the Conquering Hero Comes*, which no longer seems as impressive as once it must have done.

The recording, which dates from 1932, is quite adequate.

—P. M.

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MOZART: *Symphony No. 25 in G minor*, K. 183; played by "Sinfonietta", direction Alfred Wallenstein. Columbia Set No. 323, 3 discs, price \$5.00

THE two G minor symphonies are the only symphonies by Mozart in a minor key. The present one, written at the age of 18, resembles its great successor (K. 550) in

other respects as well, for it has, on a smaller scale, the sweep and passion that characterize the later masterpiece. Although K. 183 is the most important of Mozart's early symphonies it is rarely played; the Columbia people have placed us in their debt by making it available on records.

Not much is known of the origin of this remarkable little work; it is impossible to say why it should differ so markedly from all the other symphonies Mozart had written before and was to write for some time. Wyzewa and St. Foix have found that it is strongly influenced by an earlier symphony by Haydn (No. 44, in F minor) and by a work in G minor by the Viennese composer Vanhall. It is interesting to see in this early composition traces of elements that were to become essential traits of Mozart's mature style. The writer has had occasion to point out that the combination of syncopated rhythm with the minor mode in Mozart's vocal compositions always expressed extreme agitation. The presence of this combination in the opening subject here may indicate the emotional depths from which this music was drawn. The same combination appears again years later in the D minor piano concerto, the slow movement of the E flat symphony (K. 543), and other instrumental works. Here, perhaps for the first time in a symphony, the wind instruments are employed to intensify the emotional implications of the music (as in the oboe solo which repeats the main theme of the first *Allegro*), and also to connect form-sections (notice the two chords for winds which usher in the recapitulation in the first movement). Even the indication "*Allegro con brio*" is new, at least to Mozart.

Wallenstein's ensemble gives a dramatic performance that errs at times in the exaggeration of dynamics. This exaggeration, however, may be due to the recording: room-resonance, so essential in maintaining the luster and warmth of the string tone, is missing here. This tends to give the impression that the strings are overdriven in *forte* passages. For some reason the violins are not muted in the *Andante*, as they should be.

With this album Columbia inaugurates a procedure which we fervently hope will continue and spread. It is nothing less than the furnishing with each set of a miniature score of the recorded work. In this case we are given a reprint (reduced) of the G minor symphony as it appears in the Collected Edition of Mozart's works. This is a splendid idea which should meet the encouragement it deserves.

—N. B.



WAGNER: *Parsifal*, *Prelude* and *Good Friday Spell*; played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, direction Leopold Stokowski. Victor set M-421, four discs, price \$8.00.

THE superb tonal qualities of the Philadelphia Orchestra are set forth on these records in a memorable manner. The recording is spacious without being pretentious, ethereal without being precious. Mr. Stokowski, who is said to manipulate a control board connected to special tiny microphones placed on various instruments, with which he can feature any instrument at will, seems less concerned here with capricious tonal effects than usual. The result is that we have orchestral imagery and moving dramatic utterance that are most compelling.

Wagner describes the wonderful music of the *Prelude* to *Parsifal* as an expression of the great trinity — Love, Faith and Hope. In this music we hear Compassion's gentle voice, the ardent song of Faith, the sinner's tormented cry, and the redemption through Hope. Wagner believed that a more profound impression was created when this music stole into the darkened auditorium at the Bayreuth playhouse from the depths of the unseen orchestra-pit, which he called the "mystic gulf", because it parted "reality from ideality." Wagner's impression is sustained through the phonograph, for the music is divorced from that reality of the visible orchestra, and thus made to live in the manner that he believed most fitting for its absorption.

The music of the *Good Friday Spell* is filled with wondrous tenderness, an assuaging compassion implying the easing of remembered pain and grief. It is sensuous music, music close to the human heart that asks for emotional consolation in times of duress. It opens with *Parsifal*'s theme, of triumphant implication, at the point where Gournemanz says: "So come to us the promise. My blessing so receive . . ." and continues through Gournemanz's scene "The sinner's tears of true repentance," ending a dozen bars after he says "all that doth bloom and fade again, well knowing Nature's pardon won, stainless and pure earth's heart today," with the theme of Delivery entering in a new guise.

Since Stokowski and the recorders have magnificently achieved the music's unfoldment here, comparison with other recordings is superfluous. The quality of the reproduction alone places this version in a category by itself.

—P. H. R.

## CONCERTO

BACH: *Concerto in C major*; played by Arthur Schnabel and Karl Ulrich Schnabel, pianos, with the London Symphony Orchestra, direction of Sir Adrian Boult. Victor set M-357, three discs, price \$6.50.

TWO of Bach's concertos for two claviers and orchestra were transcriptions of earlier violin concertos. One of them, indeed, is an arrangement of the famous two-violin work. The distinctive thing about the second concerto, in C major, is that it is original, and that its two keyboard parts are, for a change, idiomatically and elaborately written. The record buyer will find in this concerto an interesting contrast to the one for solo clavier in A major, recently released by Victor in a set made by Edwin Fischer and his chamber orchestra. In that work the piano part is sketchy and undeveloped (it would sound less so on a harpsichord) and most of the musical burden falls upon the orchestra. Here, on the contrary, the accompanying stringed instruments are relegated to the background and only put in an occasional dash of color. Musically this is a most attractive work, with a lively and invigorating first *Allegro*, a quiet and contemplative *Adagio*, *ovvero Largo* in Bach's well-loved *siciliana* pattern, and a rousing *Fugue* to cap the work.

This concerto was recorded some years ago by Bartlett and Robertson, and has also recently appeared in the fifth volume of *L'Anthologie Sonore*, where it is played more correctly on two harpsichords. Though I have not heard either of those performances, I recommend that anyone willing to spend the money for the entire *Anthologie* volume should investigate the harpsichord version, for I do not find the Schnabels above criticism.

The players get off to a good start, giving the first movement in a spirited if somewhat mechanical manner. Their styles, not unnaturally, are very well matched indeed and they seem to have the same general ideas about the way to play Bach. There may be a little more of steadiness in the involved passages as played by the father, though neither pianist makes a perfect score in this respect. In the *Adagio* matters get worse. Here the tempo is so slow that the recording is not able to sustain a *legato*, and there is a conspicuous lack of poise and serenity. This is magnificent music, and the interweaving of the two parts is nothing short of masterly, but as the Schnabels play the



movement it does not hang together any too well. Only less mannered is the final *Fugue*, where both father and son sooner or later slip the traces and run away.

As a recording this set can only be called excellent. The balance between the pianos and the small orchestra is most effective, and the piano tone is entirely up to present standards. Strangely enough, especially in the slow movement the surfaces are marred by a series of those clickings which used to be so familiar, but about which we have been permitted to forget of late.

—P. M.

## CHAMBER MUSIC

BACH: *Flute Sonatas*—No. 5 in *E minor* and No. 6 in *E major*; played by René Le Roy (flute), Albert-Léveque (harpsichord), Lucien Kirsch (cello). Musicraft Album No. 16, four discs, price \$6.50.

IN January, we had occasion to review three of Bach's six flute sonatas in the recording made by Barrère and Pessl. At that time we spoke of their importance and their history. We noted then that the initial three sonatas, in B minor, A major and E flat, were written by Bach with fully realized cembalo parts, while the later three, in C major, E minor and E major, were composed with only a continuo or figured bass part. In the Victor recording of the *C major Sonata* Miss Pessl realized the figured bass without the aid of a cello. In Bach's time the addition of a viola da gamba to the cembalo in the realization of the figured bass was optional. Reinforcing the continuo with a string instrument has the effect of giving the work the character of a trio. To stylistically supersensitive ears, however, the modern cello has a tendency to dominate the bass line. For a consistent interpretation, one imagines that either a piano should have been used with the cello, or a viola da gamba with the harpsichord. If this practice of using a string instrument along with the harpsichord is disregarded these days, it is undoubtedly owing to the fact that the string instrument is generally thought to be superfluous. In the case of the recording of the *C major Sonata*, we cannot say that the absence of the cello detracted from the performance in any way.

Le Roy is one of the foremost players on the flute now in front of the public. It certainly was a splendid idea on Musicraft's part to engage this artist to record these two works at the expiration of his recent American tour. And it was most fortunate that

they were able to obtain the services of the brilliant Bach interpreter, Albert-Léveque. The artists unite to give us ingratiating and stylistic performances of the two works at hand. Laurent, of the Boston orchestra, made the *E major Sonata* for Columbia several years back, and though it must be admitted his performance was distinguished by his exceptional tonal quality, the accompanying pianist failed to attain the fluency essential in his part to make this recording a truly outstanding one. Or, at least, the recording set-up gives us that impression. This is a first recording of the *E minor Sonata*.

Le Roy has a limpid tone and a breath control that leaves no sense of effort. Musicraft has successfully caught the nuances of the soloist, and the recording is at all times clear and smooth. All three of the artists show a fine feeling for Bach's style.

—P. H. R.

\* \* \* \*

BRAHMS: *Sonata in F major, Opus 99*; played by Pablo Casals and Mieczyslaw Horszowski. Victor set M-410, four discs, price \$8.00.

CASALS and his new partner Horszowski once again give us a masterly performance of a great sonata. The performance is thrilling, for the recorders have never attained a better balance between the piano and a string instrument.

Brahms' second cello sonata is a greater piece of craftsmanship than his first. Each part is effective here in itself and the balance and blending of the two instruments is most satisfyingly accomplished. Considering that the cello is a difficult instrument to combine successfully with the piano, we can appreciate so much more what Brahms has done here.

Niemann calls the *E minor Sonata, Opus 38*, the *Elegiac* or *Pastoral* one, and the present work, the *Appassionata* or *Pathetic* one. Twenty years separated the two works. As fine as the first cello sonata is, the second is even finer. The rich maturity of Brahms' mind is encountered in every bar; there are no muddy spots, all is clearly and richly set forth. There is an aura of mystery in the passionately disturbed first movement which Casals realizes here with rare artistry. The songful passages for the cello are not so boldly conceived; they should sing, and this Casals knows. The slow movement is a lovely poem, Mason says, "as lyrical and as richly contemplative as we may expect from the



composer of the great songs *Liebestreu* and *Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer*." Mason points out that Brahms, in the scherzo, has shrewdly made the most of the somewhat limited technical capacities of the cello as an instrument. The finale is an effective rondo based on an engaging theme of folk-like character.

With the advent of this work on records, only one other is needed to complete a library of Brahms' twenty-four chamber works. The missing work, the *String Quintet in F major*, *Opus 88*, fortunately has been recorded by the Budapest Quartet with an assisting artist, and will undoubtedly be brought forth in the near future, at which time we hope to discuss Brahms' chamber works *in toto* and the various recordings of them.

—P. H. R.

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MOZART: *Serenade (Eine kleine Nachtmusik)* - K. 525; played by the Pro Arte Quartet with Claude Hobday, double bass. Victor set M-428, two discs, price \$3.50.

MOZART: *Piano Quartet in E flat*, K. 493; played by Hortense Monath and the Pasquier Trio. Victor set M-438, three discs, price \$5.00.

THE gaiety and grace of Mozart's little *Serenade*, so modestly and yet so deftly termed *A Little Night Music*, is more familiar to most of us in an orchestral version. The work seems to have been written with both soloists and a body of players in mind. Its festive qualities are, in our estimation, better set forth by the full strings of an orchestra than by solo strings. There is an élan to this music which the body of strings attains that is most welcome, and a sparkle and zest which we do not find in this recording. The annotator of the set points out that Victor has "a delightful recording" of the work by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Eugene Ormandy. We must disagree with this statement: the "delightful" recording which Victor sponsors is made by Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (set M-364). Ormandy's performance is far too virile for the good of this essentially graceful music.

The Pro Arte group play this work with finesse. Theirs is a neatly and accurately turned performance, although somewhat bland and missing in the essential sparkle of the music. Most Mozarteans will find the tempo of the *Andante* too fast. Nevertheless, there will be many who will undoubtedly

welcome this set. The early electrical version by the Leners, issued over ten years ago, has long needed replacement.

Mozart's second piano quartet was written a month after he completed his *Marriage of Figaro*. It is a rather strange thing that this quartet has been so long arriving on records. Among amateur groups, this and the earlier piano quartet in G minor are great favorites. Perhaps the comparative neglect of the *E flat Quartet* is due to the fact that it is so seldom performed in public. Our familiarity with both has been achieved through amateur groups, who we have inevitably found enjoyed themselves considerably in giving zestful but uneven accounts of them. In construction, the *E flat Quartet* is similar to the *G minor*, but the spirit of the two works is widely contrasted. The first, as Abert says, is emotionally passionate, while the *E flat* is full of "gentle dreaminess." There is more intensity of feeling in the first movement of the *E flat* than in that of the *G minor*, and the *larghetto* is filled with an infinite tenderness. The quartet is in three movements, the last of which is characteristically gay.

The Pasquier Trio, whom we have spoken about in our review of the Schubert *B flat String Trio*, join with Miss Monath, the talented American pianist, to give us a finely molded performance of this work. The intelligence and sensibility of the musicians here are particularly gratifying, and their unity of purpose is better set forth in the recording than it was on the concert platform when we heard it, which is but another way to say that the reproduction has been deftly handled.

—P. H. R.

\* \* \* \*

MOZART: *Flute Quartet in A major*, K. 298; played by René Le Roy and the Pasquier Trio. Victor disc No. 12165, price \$1.50.

A HALF-DOZEN years ago René Le Roy with the aid of three members of the International String Quartet recorded for the National Gramophonic Society the *D major Flute Quartet*, K. 285. Those records are still the cherished possession of many music lovers. Now we have Le Roy's performance of the *A major Quartet*. With the aid of that superlative group, the Pasquier Trio, Le Roy gives us here a most delightful performance of a work all too seldom heard in concert. Mr. Le Roy's effortless, flowing tone, like a thread of silver, is blended here perfectly by the recorders with the warm, vibrant tone of the string players.



The *A major Quartet* has a graceful, wistful first movement, with an initial melody that brings to mind the opening phrase of the Irish ballad, *The Minstrel Boy*. The work contains only three movements: an opening *Andantino*, a *Menuetto*, and the usual rondo finale. By not observing all the repeats it is easily got onto one 12-inch disc.

This is not the first recording of this work. It will be recalled that the Oxford Ensemble played both quartets for Musicraft several months back. Although their performances were neatly contrived, the present reading is in every way a more notable one of the *A major Quartet*.

—P. H. R.

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MOZART: *Divertimento No. 15 in B flat major*, K. 287; played by Arthur Fielder's Sinfonietta. Victor Set M-434, one 12-inch and four 10-inch discs, price \$5.50.

MOZART: *Serenade No. 12 in C minor*, K. 388; played by Arthur Fiedler's Sinfonietta. Victor Set M-433, two 12-inch and one 10-inch discs, price \$4.50.

MOZART: *Sextet in F for Strings and Horns (Dorfmusikanten)* K. 522; played by the Kolisch Quartet, and Domenico Caputo and John Barrows, horns. Victor Set M-432, two discs, price \$4.50.

HERE are three magnificent fruits of the Mozart-Schubert-Schumann series given in New York by the New Friends of Music this season. Each of the three is a masterpiece of its kind.

K. 287, composed early in 1777 for the Countess Lodron, is scored for strings and two horns. The composition is a fine example of the "house-music" of its time, music for performance in intimate surroundings. Not as superficial as some earlier works by Mozart in the same form, it is full of a highly tempered and poetic lyricism. It does not storm the heights nor probe the depths; it simply sings. It sings in all six movements, which are further distinguished by the finished craftsmanship we associate with the composer. The unusually elaborate first violin part was probably played by Mozart at its first performance in the Countess's house. The work is here given a full and vital reading which at no time descends to the precious.

Music of a very different sort is the *C minor Serenade*, K. 388. In spirit this is not a serenade at all. It is the only work by Mozart so designated in a minor key and as in most of his compositions in a minor key the underlying mood is one of passionate in-

tensity. There is no trace here of the cheerfulness characteristic of the serenade; instead the work is suffused with a restless melancholy that is no less pathetic for the tender lyricism of the *Andante*. The Minuet, in canon, sounds like a study for the corresponding movement of the great G minor symphony. The present work is scored for horns, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons, in pairs; Mozart's masterly handling of this combination results in a wonderful interplay of rich and varied colors. The composer must certainly have felt the contradiction between title and content; it is probably for this reason that he later arranged the serenade for a quintet of strings (K. 406). One feels, however, that a great deal was lost in that arrangement. We are fortunate indeed to have so splendid a performance of the original version as that represented here.

The prospective purchaser is hereby warned that everything said in the pamphlet furnished with the set concerning the origin of this work is wrong, except one clause — "It was first played by the house orchestra of the Count Schwarzenburg." The rest of the information given there properly refers, not to this serenade, but to the "*Haffner*" Symphony, K. 385! It was while Mozart was busy arranging music from *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* for wind instruments, and working nights on the Haffner symphony (originally also a serenade, but for full orchestra) that he was commissioned to write a work for Count Schwarzenburg's band. July 27, 1782 he sent his father the first movement of the Haffner music with the explanation that he was unable to send more of it because "I have to make quickly a night-music, but only for wind instruments." The "night-music" is our *C minor Serenade*; and its dark character is all the more surprising when we consider its destination — a group of wind-players performing for a nobleman, just such a group as is represented on the stage in the finale of *Don Giovanni*.

The *Musical Joke*, K. 522, was written June 14, 1787. The titles *Dorfmusikanten* and *Bauernsinfonie* sometimes used for it were applied after Mozart's death. They do not really fit: this little work is not a burlesque of a village band but a delicious take-off on the imbecilities of the ambitious but incompetent composer. The sour notes in the horns and the famous "polytonal" ending are the most obvious of its tomfooleries. The piece is full of all sorts of gaucheries such as a straining and hopelessly bad writer might commit. Pompous fanfares that lead nowhere, idiotic triplets, consecutive fifths,



grotesque efforts to observe the sonata-form, aimless modulations that get the supposed composer into difficulties from which he extricates himself with a wrench; passages where the rest of the voices have accompanying figures while the first violin, which should be playing the melody, is silent; the absurd violin cadenza in the *Adagio* — these are but a few of the diversions offered by this delightful parody. The work is played as it should be — with a straight face.

—N. B.

\* \* \* \*

SCHUBERT: *Piano Trio in B flat, Opus 99*; played by Karl Ulrich Schnabel, piano; Alphonse Onnou, violin, and Robert Maas, cello. Victor set M-429, four discs, price \$8.00.

SCHUBERT: *String Trio in B flat*; played by the Pasquier Trio. Victor set M-435, three discs, price \$3.50

THE *B flat Piano Trio* has always been a great favorite. Here we have Schubert of the inexhaustible flow of melody, utterly spontaneous, never in doubt as to where he is going. The work is one of the most inspired of its kind ever devised. Written in 1827, it represents Schubert at the height of his powers.

Artur Schnabel's son, Karl Ulrich, and two members of the Pro Arte Quartet unite for this performance. Although their account of this trio is characterized by the customary sincerity and musicianship which we have come to associate with these artists, it hardly attains the inspired buoyancy of the Thibaud-Cortot-Casals performance, which, despite its age, still remains one of the remarkable contributions to the modern phonograph. Nor does the present set equal the d'Aranyi-Salmond-Hess performance with its unerring taste and affectionate shaping of the melodies. The recording, of course, is finer in every way, but it is doubtful whether recording in this case will make up for truly inspired performances in both of the older issues.

The *B flat String Trio* dates from 1817. There is not the assurance or the skill in the creation of this work that we encounter in the one above. Undoubtedly, as one writer contends, this trio was written for performance by Schubert and his friends, who were fond of playing chamber music for their own diversion. Yet this little work, with its charming melodies and quiet elation, is most enjoyable; it is not impossible that many playing these records for the first time will find themselves whistling or humming the

blithe melodies. Despite the fact that Schubert was probably more concerned with workmanship here than anything else, he nevertheless released some delightful tunes from his inexhaustible well-spring of melody, and endowed the work with an emotional warmth that was innately his.

A more flawless performance of this work could hardly be conceived. The Pasquier Trio, composed of three brothers — Jean, violin; Pierre, viola, and Etienne, cello — are one of the finest groups of their kind extant. In their performance, one inevitably senses every intention of the composer conveyed with unerring style and with extraordinary sensibility of feeling. By virtue of their splendid realization of the music, its immanent qualities are made more prepossessing and its inherent worth is thereby better attested. The recording here has been satisfactorily accomplished.

—P. H. R.

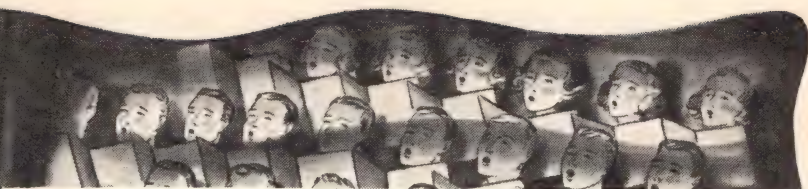
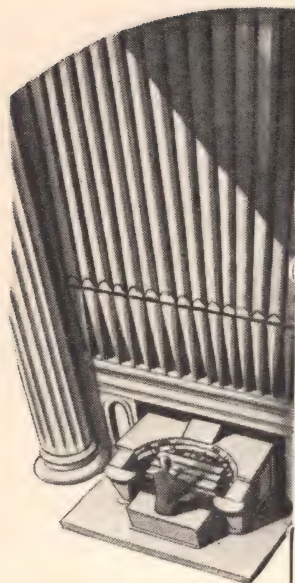
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SCHUMANN: *String Quartet in A major, Opus 41, No. 3*; played by the Lener String Quartet. Columbia set No. 319, four discs, price \$6.00.

SCHUMANN: *Piano Quartet in E flat, Opus 47*; played by Hortense Monath and Rudolf Kolisch, Eugen Lehner, and Benar Heifetz. Victor set M-431, three discs, price \$6.50.

THE late Richard Aldrich, commenting on the criticism directed against Schumann as a string quartet composer, said that he thought Schumann achieved success in his quartets from a technical point of view, and that he made the string quartet "sound richly, vigorously, and characteristically, to the delight of his listeners." He also pointed out that "it is the business of executants to find out how to make effective the conceptions of great masters." Perhaps, it may be said, all executants endeavor to do this, but some succeed where others fail. I have known musical groups to say, "his music is lacking in this or that, you cannot make it live." The assertion more often than not comes before the effort. How can the latter then bring desirable results? I have heard musicians say that Schumann's quartets are difficult to make 'sound'. It may be so. The Leners may agree, but in their performance of the *A major* they give us no indication that they do. Never have I heard this music played with such finish, such style and emotional integrity. I believe that anyone hearing the second movement in this splendid performance, apart from any other, will be inclined to take the set home on its merits alone.





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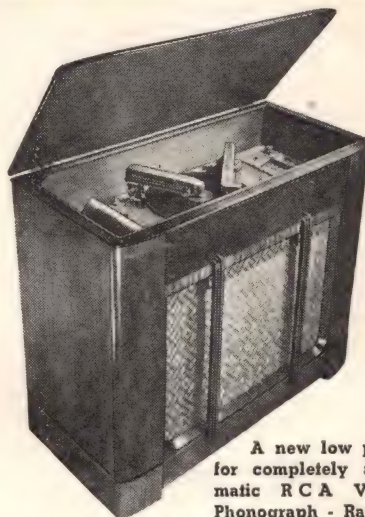
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I find the *A major Quartet* grows on one with rehearings. The work builds as it progresses and Schumann grows bolder and more assured of himself. The animated variation movement, which takes the place of a scherzo, is deftly accomplished, the *Adagio* is broadly melodic, and the finale is filled with exhilarating animation.

An earlier recording of this work by the Prague Quartet was less compelling in its exposition than the Lener's set.

Schumann had only to add the piano and his "victory was assured," says Hadow, "the medium is pastel in place of water-color, the new instrument brings with it an entirely new means of expression, and one, moreover, of which Schumann was a consummate master." Although the piano quartet in E flat is overshadowed by the great quintet in the same key, there are those who think this work is nonetheless one of his best chamber compositions. In dropping the second violin here, Schumann lost many opportunities for the brilliant instrumentation we hear in the quintet. In the quartet, his string writing is indeed much less effective, often being too dark-hued, too opaque. Personally, I like the *A major Quartet* above better than this piano quartet. There is no question that Schumann is both ingenious and eloquent in his first movement here; but the scherzo that follows this movement is more exciting and more interesting. The slow movement is a romantic song, almost too sweetly sensuous, while the finale is skillfully devised in a florid romantic style. The work undeniably has its merits, but it is an uneven one at best.

Hortense Monath, the American pianist, with the aid of three members of the Kolisch Quartet, does notable justice to this work. The dominating spirit of the ensemble is Miss Monath, whose eloquent, incisive pianism affords much to admire. The recording here is nicely realized. Another recording of this quartet, on Polydor, engages the services of Elly Ney and three German musicians. As we have not heard this set we can offer no comparison.

—P. H. R.

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MOZART: *Rondo in C major*, K. 373; played by Jean Pougnet, violin, with Symphony Orchestra, direction of G. Walter. Columbia disc, No. 69125D, price \$1.50.

WITH this piece of previously unrecorded Mozart we make the acquaintance of another of those charming and characteristic pieces which this composer seemed to be

able to turn out at the drop of a hat. Written for the Salzburg violinist Brunetti, the Rondo was first played on April 8, 1781, in Vienna. It later appeared in a transcription for flute and orchestra. Though in looking over the score one might be inclined to dismiss this work as just another dip into the Mozartean bag of tricks, it has considerable vitality in performance, and sustains interest easily throughout its not too ample length. No one will claim that the composer struck very deep this time, but lovers of Mozart will find in it no little attractiveness.

The performance of Jean Pougnet is notable rather for earnestness and vigor than for any great degree of polish. He commits no grave sins against good taste and style, neither does he achieve first-rate distinction. The same may be said of the orchestra under the baton of G. Walter. One spot, however, does deserve mention, partly on Mozart's account and partly because it comes off in this recording: that is the interplay between the solo violin and the first oboe at the end. This is the sort of thing that tickles.

The reproduction is good, and the surfaces are evidence of the recent improvement Columbia has made in this respect.

—P. M.

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DINICU: *Hora staccato* (arr. Heifetz); KORNGOLD: *Holzappel und Schlehwein*; played by Jascha Heifetz, violin, with piano accompaniments by Emanuel Bay and Arpad Sandor, respectively. Victor ten-inch disc, No. 1864, price \$1.50.

IT seems that Dinicu's *Hora staccato* is the music of the hour, and that the record public has been clamoring for it. Mr. Heifetz, who made the transcription, and who is largely responsible for this vogue, now obliges with his own inimitable performance. Nothing remains for the reviewer to say beyond the fact that the recording does full justice to the playing of the celebrated violinist, and his able collaborator, Emanuel Bay. The *Hora*, it seems, is a Hungarian dance, and Dinicu is a gypsy orchestra leader and composer who has drawn on the folk music of his people for his inspiration.

*Holzappel und Schlehwein* (Crabapple and Plumwine) is the third movement from the suite drawn from Korngold's incidental music for *Much Ado About Nothing*, and was designed to introduce the second scene of Act 4 in Shakespeare's play. To this grotesque march Dogberry and the watch bring in Conrade and Borachio for examina-



tion. The violin transcription is deftly made, and of course Mr. Heifetz, this time assisted by Arpad Sandor, makes the most of it.

—P. M.

\* \* \* \*

NIN: *Chants d'Espagne: No. 1: Saeta; No. 2 Granadina*; and DINICU: *Hora staccato* (Arr. Heifetz); played by Miquel Candela, violin, with piano accompaniments by Joaquin Nin and Joseph Benvenuti respectively. Columbia 10-inch disc, No. 4194-M, price \$1.00.

**M**IQUEL CANDELA, the young Spanish violinist, here presents with the assistance of the composer two of Kochanski's arrangements of Nin's *Chants d'Espagne*. The disc, therefore, is a mixture of authenticity and authorized transcription, and belongs among those records whose interest is not purely musical. From the latter point of view, however, this is pleasant if not very exciting fare. Candela is not yet a fully mature artist, and he does not achieve real distinction in this music. Furthermore, he is apparently not a fanatic on the subject of intonation.

The reverse is given over to the encore piece, arranged by Heifetz, reviewed above. Its gypsy qualities apparently intrigue the Spaniard, Candela. The playing here is good though hardly dazzling. The pianist on this side is the capable Joseph Benvenuti. The recording is good.

—P. M.

\* \* \* \*

PUGNANI-KREISLER: *Praeludium and Allegro*; played by Yehudi Menuhin with Marcel Gazelle at the piano. Victor disc No. 1863, ten-inch, price \$1.50.

**T**HE Victor annotator says that Kreisler is the arranger here of two melodies by the 18th-century Italian composer Gaetano Pugnani, but if our memory serves us well these are two of the pieces which Mr. Kreisler admitted were among his hoaxes. They are of his own composition, as we understand it, conceived in the style of Pugnani. Kreisler's facile melodic gifts are well set forth here; the morceau is an attractive one, nicely harmonized and appropriately varied. Menuhin does full justice to it, and the recording is good.

—P. G.

## KEYBOARD

BACH: *Organ music, Vol. III: Prelude and Fugue in C minor; Prelude and Fugue in C major; Fugue in A minor; Prelude and Fugue in E minor ("The Wedge")*; played by Albert Schweitzer on the organ in the church of Ste. Aurelie, Strasbourg. Columbia set 320, seven discs, price \$14.00

**L**ET me say at the outset that this is by far the most satisfactory volume yet to be issued by the Bach Organ Music Society. I have had occasion before to write of the first two sets, which, as recordings, rank among the best reproductions ever made of the "king of instruments" (they are surpassed only by Carl Weinrich's Musicraft sets and the French Pathé *Trois siècles de musique d'orgue*) but Dr. Schweitzer's technical shortcomings keep them from the first rank as works of art. As a leading authority on Bach Schweitzer merits our reverent attention, and if one can overlook his occasional lapses there is a good deal of pleasure to be derived from his unassuming playing. It is a pleasure to say that there are fewer such lapses in the third album. In musical inspiration, in grasp of his instrument, in clarity of registration and successful repro-



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duction, this set is a definite advance. The organ is the same old Silbermann which was used for the second volume, and there is every evidence that the good Doctor has been practising on it.

The selections, too, will please the lover of Bach. For combined brilliance and solid musical value the *Preludes and Fugues* chosen are most happy ones. Not so deep, perhaps, nor in the long run so profoundly satisfying as the *Chorale Preludes* which made up the second set, these works have a Gothic grandeur which cannot be duplicated in any other music. And with recording such as this we have only to close our eyes to imagine ourselves in some great continental cathedral.

Since the society aims at the recording of the entire organ works of Bach, it seems a little strange that among the contents of this album there is one *Fugue* without its *Prelude*. No explanation is offered beyond the mention of the fact with the analysis of the missing *Prelude* in Alec Robertson's admirable booklet. Whatever opinion may be held of the work, it seems to me that it should have been given entire if at all in such a project as this one. All of the works in the set are to be found in volume 15 of the Bach Gesellschaft edition.

—P. M.

\* \* \* \*

BUSONI: *Fantasia (In memory of my father) (After Bach)*; played by Egon Petri. Columbia disc 691127D, price \$1.50.

**T**HIS composition is full of deep feeling. It is an expression of true poetic sentiment, as distinguished from sentimentality. Busoni's father died on May 12, 1909, and this work is dedicated to his memory. It was his father, Busoni tells us, who instilled in him his admiration and respect for the music of Bach. At a time when and in a country where Bach was rated "little higher than a Carl Czerny," Busoni's father kept him strictly to the study of Bach. And so Busoni founded his piece on a Bach chorale, *In dulci júbilo*, and wrote it in the manner of a Bach chorale prelude.

The music opens quietly and builds gradually. The latter part is a polyphonic working out of the chorale which mounts to a brilliant climax. The music confirms our contention that Busoni's was one of the great musical minds of his times. But here the musical mind is perfectly mated to the emotions of a great musician. The piece is difficult, but it is music not merely of the head, but also of the heart. And this, in our estimation, entitles it to be termed great music.

Petri, friend and pupil of the composer, plays the *Fantasia* with a noble tone and feeling that make manifest his own superior musical culture. The recording is astonishingly realistic in tone. We recommend this disc wholeheartedly to all who admire Bach's music, for as A. R. in *The Gramophone* said, "one feels that Bach would not have refused his signature to it."

—P. H. R.

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HAYDN: *Theme and Variations in F minor*; played by Ignace Jan Paderewski. Victor disc, No. 14727, price \$2.00.

**I**T is good to have Paderewski recording again, for with the improvement of the last few years in capturing the piano tone he can now leave moments more worthy of his art than any of his earlier discs. This is not to say that his new records mark a new era in piano recording; they are good by existing standards, and very much better than anything we had up to a year or so ago, but they are still not the best I have heard.

Haydn's *Andante con Variazioni*, op. 83, makes its third appearance on the wax with this release. The American Polydor list has it played by Clara Haskill, and the English Parlophone Company has recently brought out a version by Lily Krauss, who is known for her work with Simon Goldberg in the Mozart and Beethoven *Violin Sonatas*. Paderewski's performance is marked by unexpected delicacy and a quiet modest approach which is altogether charming. There is occasionally a curious lack of coordination between the pianist's hands, and there are passages here and there which do not emerge with the utmost clarity, but there are others—and many more of them—which will not fail to give the susceptible some of those pleasurable little thrills which provide the best reason for listening to music of this kind. These *Variations* are not great: like so much of the piano literature of their period they are exactly as important as their performance. They belong to the type of variations in which the changes are rung upon the melody rather than on its harmonic underpinnings, and rely therefore on grace and charm rather than depth for their effect. Architecturally they are interestingly built, for after gathering considerable momentum they return to the simple version of the theme, and end with an extended *coda*.

I have not had an opportunity to hear the Krauss recording of the work, but it has been considerably admired, and I under-



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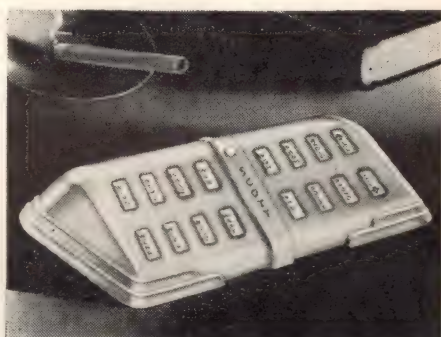
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stand it is complete with repeats, running to two discs instead of one. Clara Haskill's performance is remembered as being a not especially inspired one contained, like Paderecki's on two surfaces. I suppose the very name of the celebrated Pole will carry weight with most buyers, and I am glad that he has elected to leave us this delicate proof of his versatility.

—P. M.

\* \* \* \*

PIERNE: *Prélude*; BOELLMANN: *Minuet* (from *Suite Gothique*, Op. 25); played by Edouard Commette on the organ of the Cathedral of St. Jean, Lyons. Columbia 10-inch disc, No. 341-M, price \$.75.

THE style of Gabriel Pierné, like that of Saint-Saëns, becomes more of an enigma the more of his music one gets to know. Each new piece until we hear it has in it an element of mystery, so wide was this composer's range of expression and so varied his manner of thought. The *Prélude* presented here is a rather typical piece of post-Franck organ music, expansive and effective. Like most French composers, Pierné was himself an organist, and he understood his instrument thoroughly. Furthermore he was a solid and accomplished musician, and wrote gentlemanly music—though like a gentleman, too, he sowed occasional wild oats.

Boëllmann's *Suite Gothique* has long been a favorite with recital organists, whom it provides with several sure-fire numbers which may be played together or separately. The entire suite has been recorded by Reginald Goss-Custard for HMV, but only a very occasional movement has reached the American lists. The *Minuet*, which is the second section, is certainly not important, but as it belongs to the permanent repertoire its arrival was inevitable.

The playing and recording are, I believe, more or less typical of the Columbia Commette series, made in the Cathedral of St. Jean, Lyons. Until quite recently these recordings ranked well among reproductions of this most illusive of instruments. But now beside the Pathé and Musicraft series, and Columbia's own Schweitzer sets, their shortcomings are quite obvious. However, since all of the better organ discs so far have been devoted to Bach and his forerunners, those who are interested in Pierné and Boëllmann cannot do better than to buy such discs as this one.

—P. M.

RACHMANINOFF: *Prelude in C sharp minor*, Op. 3, No. 2; SCHUBERT: *Minuet and Trio* (from *Fantasia Sonata in G major*, Op. 78); played by Arthur Rubinstein, piano. Victor disc, No. 14276, price \$2.00.

A number of years have elapsed since Rachmaninoff made his own recording of his most popular composition, and in that time great things have happened in piano reproduction. Therefore, to new collectors and to those who have been wanting the *C sharp minor Prelude*, but have never got around to investing in it, this disc will be of definite interest. The performance, as we had every reason to expect, is an entirely satisfactory one, though it may not have all of the fire and excitement which the composer used to put into the work: in the middle section particularly I miss the delirious building up to the climax, though I have an idea that Rubinstein's way with the music would be a safer model for the piano student.

The Schubert selection is a snippet from the *C major Sonata*, which has been twice recorded in its entirety. This is not the first time the *Minuet* has appeared as a single, either, though I suspect it has not been better done. This is thoroughly charming and thoroughly Schubertian music, and Rubinstein plays it with taste and refinement.

The piano reproduction is broad and large and does not miss by very much the realization of the true tone of the instrument. The disc can be recommended without qualification to anyone to whom the selections appeal.

—P. M.

\* \* \* \*

SCHUBERT: *Ländler*, Op. 171; played by Alfred Cortot, pianist. Victor disc No. 14743, price \$2.00.

LIKE Mozart and Beethoven, Schubert turned out dances by the dozen. The *Ländler* was an early form of the waltz. Schubert's *Ländler* were written to be danced to; the rhythm is regular and the dances are short. The present sheaf of twelve were composed in 1823—the same year that saw the creation of the *Schöne Müllerin* song-cycle—but were not published until after the composer's death.



These little pieces have a characteristic melodic charm and considerable harmonic ingenuity. There are bits here and there that make one think of Chopin and Brahms. Cortot plays the set with grace and verve; he colors them nicely without distorting the fundamental rhythm.

—N. B.

## VOCAL

BACH: *The Passion of Our Lord According to St. Matthew* (Vol. 3); performed by the Harvard Glee Club, Radcliffe Choral Society, with soloists, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, E. V. Wolff (harpsichord), and Carl Weinrich (organ), under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. Victor set M-413, nine discs, price \$18.00.

THE serial edition of the *St. Matthew Passion* picks up in the third and last volume at the beginning of the recitative of Part 56 — where Pilate asks the question "What evil hath He done?" The soprano answers, enumerating Jesus' good deeds in a recitative then in the famous soprano aria, *For love of man the Saviour dieth* (*Aus Liebe will mein Heiland sterben*). Jeannette Vree-land gives a better performance of this aria than she does of the sombre recitative that precedes it, and Laurent, the Boston Symphony flutist, plays the solo passages for his instrument in an unforgettably moving manner. Elisabeth Schumann's beautifully poised singing of this aria, in the original German (Victor disc 7275), however, set an all-time high for its performance which is not equalled here, despite Laurent's admirable flute playing. Terry says that this aria lacks "a bass foundation, it seems to 'hover in the air', where the flute weaves a melody which falls to earth like a lark's song."

The chorus takes up the cry of "Crucify Him" after the solo. The tragedy moves swiftly onward to its climax from here, despite a number of reflective moments.

It may be said at this point that this portion of the score is rendered more notably by the soloists (if we except the explosive attacks of the tenor) than the earlier portions were. Miss Meisle's contralto solos are much smoother, although not entirely free from tremolo. Her artistry stands her in good stead, however, and her renditions of the arias, *Can my Tears not move Thy Pity?*, and *Hither! Jesus outstretched arm*, and of the preceding recitatives, are accomplished

with true feeling and musical artistry. Mr. Lechner, the bass, sings at least one solo effectively, and Keith Faulkner, returning for the aria *Come Healing Cross*, earns our gratitude for his fine vocal and artistic style.

The chorus at all times gives a good account of itself, but it is in the chorales where it is most distinguished. The final chorus lacks the requisite feeling, owing to the fact that it is taken a little too rapidly to maintain that atmosphere of "serenest peace and



DR. KOUSSEVITZKY, who conducts the Victor release of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, one of the most ambitious recordings ever undertaken.

calm", which Terry states "floats over it". Bach chose the grave rhythm of a sarabande for the finale, the composition of which is said to date from his Cöthen period.

I have previously said that Koussevitzky is the guiding spirit of the performance. This remains true throughout the whole work. I have also said that greater fervor, and more point to the dramatic situations, undeniably could have been accomplished by the conductor upon occasion; particularly is this true in the latter part of the work, although the fact still remains, that despite such conductorial lassitude as may be noted by the listener, Koussevitzky's performance, considered in its entirety, is a wholly devotional and sincere one.



The recording in this latter section is sometimes extremely annoying; the constant changing of the recording volume, in some cases during a single record face, makes it necessary for one to be constantly at the controls of one's phonograph. There is a lot of waste space in the records of this part of the set too, and several badly chosen breaks. But on the whole the recorders have handled the situation ably. I daresay that they have many arguments in their own defense which would command the respect of most critics. It is no easy task to make recordings during a concert hall performance.

In spite of its shortcomings this set remains a major contribution to the phonograph library. If one cannot afford to buy it *in toto* it would be well to listen to the performance and select sections from it, for this is very great music indeed. There are few sides in this set that do not contain unforgettable moments.

—P. H. R.

\* \* \* \*

BIZET: *Carmen*—*Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante*; GOUNOD: *Roméo et Juliette*—*Je veux vivre dans le revue*; sung by Eidé Norena, soprano, with orchestra direction of Piero Coppola. Victor disc, No. 14742, price \$2.00.

**H**ERE are two more old favorite French arias to follow up Victor's recent release of Norena's *Faust* record. Though we might have chosen differently from this singer's extensive list in the French catalogue (for instance her new recording of the *Willow Song* and *Ave Maria* from *Otello* or some songs) this disc is welcome for the lovely singing it brings.

Micaela's popular aria is not one of the stronger things in *Carmen*, and it is hardly the singer's fault if she does not convince us that it is. But the limpid voice is here, the fine sense of authority and the taste in phrasing, and as much dramatic feeling as the music will stand: therefore the record can be recommended to anyone interested in the selection. I do not know a modern recorded performance to compare with it. Incidentally the artist dispenses with the usual interpolated high B flat at the end.

Juliette's waltz song is hardly on a very much higher musical plane, but in this instance the singer saves the situation by means of an infectious lilt. I do not recall any recording of this number which has appealed to me so strongly as this one except

that of Emma Eames. In this side the singer put extra *staccato* notes, but in general the style is purity itself.

The orchestra under Coppola is excellent, and so is the reproduction. As in the case of the one previous Victor Norena release, the labels are reversed on the review copy.

—P. M.

\* \* \* \*

FRANCK: *La Procession*; and FAURE: *Les Rameaux*; sung by Enrico Caruso. Re-recorded electrically with new accompaniments. Victor disc 14744, price \$2.00.

**V**ICTOR have given us rich, full orchestral background to Caruso's moving performance of Franck's devotional *La Procession*. This has always been, in our estimation, the best French song contribution that the great Italian tenor recorded. Just how this extraordinary process of supplying a new accompaniment is done we are not entirely certain. The superimposing of the old sound track on the new can be detected here; one distinctly hears it turned on and off with the beginning and end of the voice. In the old recording the vocal climax was more thrilling than it is here, but on the whole the re-dubbing has been very well accomplished.

Jean-Baptiste Faure (1830-1914), not to be confused with Gabriel Fauré, was a famous baritone in his day. He published two books of songs, more or less of a popular genre, some of the sacred numbers of which gained wide recognition. *Les Rameaux*, or *The Palms*, is appropriate to the Easter season, and is often sung in churches at this time of the year. Caruso sings this song in his own inimitable manner. Of all the old recordings, or for that matter any recordings, that have been made of this song, the one made by Edmond Clement is, in our estimation, the most artistic.

—P. H. R.

\* \* \* \*

HONEGGER: *Le Roi David*: No. 3 - *Psaume, Loué soit le Seigneur*; No. 5 - *Le Cortège*; No. 7 - *Psaume, Ah, si j'avais des ailes*; No. 23 - *Marche des Hebreux*; No. 24 - *Psaume, Je t'aimerai, Seigneur*; performed by the Chorus and Orchestra Swiss Romand, direction of E. Ansermet. Columbia disc No. 68937D, price \$1.50.

**D**ESPITE its variety of musical styles, *Le Roi David* remains not only the most significant work of Arthur Honegger but also one of the masterpieces of our time. In it the authentic voice of oratorio speaks again to a



generation whose musical tendencies have been definitely in other directions.

This disc contains five varied selections which give a fair sample of the music, though unfortunately they do not bring us any of the narrator's lines. His is a spoken part, a sort of explanation and commentary in the old style, which adds immeasurably to the effectiveness of the score. Those of us who heard the performances given some years ago in New York by the old Friends of Music remember most gratefully the work of Leon Rothier, who recited this part.

The recording is not new, and it cannot be denied that it shows its age. Nevertheless, the appeal of the music is sufficient and the likelihood of a replacement small enough to justify its issue at this time. The performance under Ansermet is a good one, and the disc may be used to complement the two available on the Decca list which were made by the St. William's Chorus of Strasbourg.

—P. M.

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MOZART: *Abendempfindung*, K. 523; *Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte*, K. 520; *Der Zauberer*, K. 472; *An Chloë*, K. 524; *Das Veilchen*, with piano accompaniments by Gerald Moore. One Victor twelve-inch disc. No. 14824, price \$2.00, and one Victor ten-inch disc, No. 1869, price \$1.50.

**T**HIS little Mozart recital is another of the results of the tie-up between Victor and the New Friends of Music. Like several others of the series, however, the recordings were made in Europe, to which circumstance we are indebted for the excellent collaboration of Gerald Moore, one of the outstanding recording accompanists.

The five songs which Miss Ginster sings for us make a most interesting historical study. In them we find some of the earlier stages of the lied form, to which, unhappily, Mozart did not devote very much attention. *Abendempfindung* was composed in June, 1787, and belongs to the general class of songs to which the French apply the word *Mélodie*. The text is a parallel between the twilight of evening and that of human life. Here we find Mozart, not unnaturally, bound up in operatic traditions and instrumental conceptions of form. Consequently, though the lied has a lovely line it performs no miracles with the text and there are instances of rather clumsy setting. Miss Gins-

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ter takes the song a shade fast for *Andante*, and makes this clumsiness stand out by so doing. Tonally her singing is a joy, and she has, as all who have heard her know, a fine sense of line.

*Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte*, which dates from May, 1787, is a miniature *scena*. Louise is burning the letters of her faithless lover. "You are born of fire," she tells them, "now to fire I commit you. Soon there will be no trace of you, but the fire of the man who wrote you will burn for a long time within me." *Der Zauberer* is a strophic setting of a poem by C. F. Weise, composed in May, 1785. It is a girl's description of her meeting with a certain young man.

*An Chlœe* is familiar to record buyers because of Lotte Lehmann's singing of it in her first Victor recital album. It was written in June, 1787, to words by J. G. Jacobi. Miss Ginster sings the song a bit faster than Lehmann, and with a charm which is thoroughly her own. The recording is much better in the newer version, particularly in the balance of voice and piano. *Das Veilchen* has needed an adequate recording, and it is good to have it done with such distinction. This is Mozart's one really great contribution to the literature of the lied, and its essential importance is only emphasized by its companions here, delightful as they are. Goethe's poem is a better start than any of the others, and it seems to have inspired Mozart to look into the future of German song. According to many authorities the modern lied began with *Das Veilchen*, which was composed in June, 1785. As always Miss Ginster delivers this cameo with refinement and taste, and though she might conceivably have made more of the final line, I am sure her performance will please most Mozarteans.

The recording is up to the best European standards.

—P. M.

\* \* \* \*

MOZART: *Don Giovanni*—*Il mio tesoro*; and DONIZETTI: *L'Elisir d'Amore*—*Quanto e bella...*; sung by Luigi Fort, tenor, with orchestra. Columbia 10-inch disc, No. 4193-M, price \$1.00.

**D**ON OTTAVIO'S aria, *Il mio tesoro*, from *Don Giovanni*, is by all odds the most taxing of the standard lyric tenor showpieces. And unlike most showpieces it is music of consequence, so that the failure of the greater part of the singers who attempt to cope with its difficulties is the more regrettable. Luigi

Fort (whose name, happily, is not an indication of his style) comes through the ordeal better than most, without achieving the ideal. His voice is a good open Italian one, and he sings without apparent labor, though he uses the Italian trick of aspirating in the rapid passages. His breathing is not equal to the long phrases, but he breaks them without doing so much violence to the line and rhythm as is done by most tenors, including Schipa in his recording of the aria. Fort sets a better pace than Schipa, but also finds it necessary to make a cut in order to bring the music within the space of ten inches—though personally I don't see why this is done. Musically, Fort shows evident signs of feeling and taste except at the end where he puts in an extra high note and holds on to it.

After all is said and done those to whom combined vocalism and style count for more than modern reproduction will go back again to the acoustic recording of John McCormack. Speaking for myself, I have never heard a tenor on the wax or in the flesh who could approach that performance. Until such a tenor arrives, however, Luigi Fort's singing is as good as we are likely to get.

The selection on the reverse is the "other" tenor aria from *L'Elisir d'Amore*. Fort sings it in the best Italian manner, without over-larding it as so many of his contemporaries do. The recording is obviously not extremely new, but the voice comes out well over the rather naive orchestra.

—P. M.

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PUCCINI: *La Bohème*, *Rudolph's Narrative*; and GOUNOD: *Faust*, *Salve dimora, casta e pura*; sung by Beniamino Gigli with Orchestra conducted by Eugene Goossens. Victor disc No. 8769, price \$2.00.

**G**IGLI possesses probably the most beautiful tenor voice of our day. Unfortunately, his style does not mate with Nature's endowment. There is more than a reminiscence of Caruso in the warm, sensuous tonal quality of the voice in these recordings, but Caruso was never guilty to such an extent of intruding "sobbing" effects where they were not needed. Gigli cannot sing "straight" for more than a line or two, he seems compelled to resort to lachrymose effects, which mar his artistry. It is a pity because the voice is so full and rich.

Gigli admirers, however, will welcome this disc, for he is in excellent voice in both arias. The orchestral accompaniments are also unusually fine, and the reproduction full and realistic.

—P. G.



SCHUBERT: *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen*, Op. 129; sung by Elisabeth Schumann, soprano, with clarinet obbligato by Reginald Kell and piano accompaniment by George Reeves. Victor disc, No. 14815, price \$2.

**T**HOUGH *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen* was by no means an unknown quantity in New York's concert halls, it was recently brought to light anew by the concerts of the New Friends of Music, to which organization we are indirectly indebted for this recording. Mme. Schumann sings it for us here, however, with the assistance of a different clarinetist and pianist, since the recording was done in Europe.

In no respect save length can this song (or is it really a solo cantata?) be classed among Schubert's great compositions. It has a certain quaint and simple charm, and it is difficult to lose the ascending scales in the final portion once one has heard them, but this is music which requires the singing of such an artist as Mme. Schumann to give it the breath of life.

According to some authorities *Der Hirt* was Schubert's last composition, though there is no way of proving this claim. It was written as a vehicle for Mme. Anna Milder-Hauptman, who liked Schubert's music, but wanted something which would show off her accomplishments. The text is a composite, beginning with a part of *Der Berghrit* by Wilhelm Müller (poet of *Die Schöne Müllerin* and *Die Winterreise*) and then switching into some verses by Helmine voh Chezy, the authoress of *Rosamunde*. There is no tremendous significance in the finished product—a shepherd sits on the rock dreaming of his absent love, and hailing the spring which will reunite them. In his setting Schubert achieves a rather Swiss atmosphere by means of pastoral melody and long leaps in the vocal part. The final *Allegro* recalls Rossini.

Some years ago HMV issued a recording of this song by Lotte Schöne, and I believe it achieved a considerable popularity. Of course the new version has every advantage in the matter of recording, besides the fact that it uses the original piano accompaniment in place of Reinicke's orchestration. Mme. Schumann substitutes tonal clarity and piquancy for the soft cooing style of Mme. Schöne, and her execution of the runs has greater neatness and agility. Both versions are cut, the newer one to better advantage, I think, since it takes in the slow contrasting section, giving the singer an opportunity for some admirable messa di voce,

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and it omits little more than a repetition. It should be added that Schumann makes a negligible alteration in the words in the interest of smoothness, and that the otherwise excellent Mr. Reeves has one instant of uncertainty in the piano part. The clarinet playing of Reginald Kell is splendid and the recording is all we could ask.

—P. M.

\* \* \* \*

FOLKSONG: *Zwischen Berg und tiefem Tal*; *Seh' ich dich, mein Herzensliebchen*; *Und der Hans schleicht umher*; and MENDELSSOHN: *Gruss*; sung by Ernst Wolff, baritone, accompanying himself at the piano. Columbia ten-inch disc, No. 4186-M, price \$1.00.

THIS little recital is a follow-up for the Mendelssohn lieder sung previously for us by Mr. Wolff. The singer has been featuring these four songs on his recital programs this season, and some of them at least appeared on his recent series of broadcasts. All are simple and melodious, and even the Mendelssohn has been taken over as a part of Germany's heritage of folksong.

*Zwischen Berg und tiefem Tal* is a song about two rabbits who were sitting on a hill, eating grass. When they had eaten their fill, and were sitting down, a hunter came and fired at them. They wondered whether they were still alive, and finding that they were, went gaily hopping off.

*Seh' ich dich, mein Herzensliebchen* is taken from the Czech. When I see you kneeling in church, says the lover, I cannot worship God; I gaze only upon you. If I could love Him as I do you, I should indeed be as saintly as the angels in heaven.

*Und her Hans schleicht umher*, attributed by Erk to Franz von Woyna, will be recognized as *Hans und Liesel*, and collectors with long memories will recall a recording of it by Alma Gluck and Paul Reimers. It tells the story of a lover's quarrel and reconciliation.

*Gruss*, otherwise *Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt*, is, of course, a famous setting of Heine's verse. Go forth from my soul, little spring song, to the house where the violets grow — and if you should see a rose, greet her from me.

Mr. Wolff's voice has been growing in evenness and his feeling for these attractive songs is, as always, admirable. His diction could well serve as a model, and he knows the secret of bringing out implied meanings of the words. These are all songs that require

the light touch which shows him at his best, and his skillful accompaniments emphasize the meaning of the texts. Only a tendency to sing on the lower side of the pitch on occasional high notes remains to be criticized. *Gruss*, which has been amazingly scarce on records, is taken more slowly and deliberately than usual, but does not fail in telling its story. Mr. Wolff has never been better served by the recorders.

—P. M.

## OVERTONES

(Continued from page 456)

will perform for the first time in America John Ireland's *A London Overture*.

On April 17, concert extracts from the Wagner music drama *Parsifal*, featuring Richard Bonelli with the Schola Cantorum and St. Paul's Choristers, and the presentation of Delius' *Appalachia* with the Schola Cantorum.

On April 24, Eugene List and Harry Glantz are the soloists: List in Ravel's *G minor Piano Concerto*, and Glantz, first trumpeter of the orchestra, in Maganini's *Tuolomne* for trumpet and orchestra.

On May 1, the season's final concert, the program will be all-Wagner with Marjorie Lawrence and Charles Kullman, as soloists.

After the close of the Philharmonic's eighth season over the Columbia Broadcasting System, John Barbirolli will direct the final five concerts of the Ford Sunday Evening Hour from Detroit, beginning with the program of May 8.

\* \* \* \*

From *Musical America*, September 27, 1913:

"A cable from Berlin announces that Alfred Hertz, our dearly beloved German conductor at the Metropolitan, has just sailed for New York. It seems he spent the last week abroad in Berlin conducting Pro. Artur Nikisch's Philharmonic Orchestra through the score of *Parsifal* for the gramophone.

"If this isn't the limit!

"I can fancy Wagner turning in his grave when he hears of what he no doubt would consider a horrible desecration.

"But perhaps the enterprising proprietors of the gramophone will insist that in this way the music of *Parsifal* will be brought into thousands of homes where the people never could or would hear the great work itself, and even if they are to hear, they will be better prepared by first hearing it on a mechanical musical instrument."



# Swing Music Notes

By ENZO ARCHETTI

**I**T seems that Maxine Sullivan created more than a new style in jazz when she first started swinging *Loch Lomond* about a year ago. She also created a radio storm which broke with such vehemence that its repercussions were heard from New York to San Francisco. The center of the storm was Station WJR, Detroit. Its General Manager, Leo Fitzpatrick, on March 8 cut off his station when Tommy Dorsey started swinging *Loch Lomond* over the network and proclaimed, with great heat, that such swinging of the old ballads was blasphemy and consequently prohibited it on Station WJR. A few days later a Cleveland station did likewise over *Comin' Through the Rye*. From the radio it went into print. The various journals devoted to jazz joined in the battle and even the New York Herald-Tribune published an editorial declaring Maxine an artist and Fitzpatrick a "musical stick-in-the-mud." Sooner or later this argument was bound to reach the *Saturday Night Swing Club*. It happened on the broadcast March 19th when the time was extended fifteen minutes so that the subject could be more thoroughly discussed. WABC presented as its side of the argument: Maxine Sullivan, herself, and the whole Onyx Club band. WJR presented two concert singers, a chorus, and a symphony orchestra. The subject was *Swing vs. Sentiment* and the test pieces were: *Annie Laurie*, *Loch Lomond*, *Love's Old Sweet Song*, and *A Brown Bird Singing*. Each side presented its version of each ballad, with appropriate remarks by Paul Douglas and Leo Fitzpatrick.

As far as this writer is concerned the debate was a draw. Interesting as this contest was, neither side proved anything conclusively. Maxine and her orchestra presented their version of the case simply and consequently in the spirit of the original. The other side belied its contention that the sentimental ballads of other years should remain untouched, unspoiled, unchanged, by presenting elaborate arrangements for soloists, chorus and symphony orchestra which, even if they retained their original sentiment, were certainly not in keeping with their original simple form.

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(Continued on page 479)



After all is said and done, the question still remains: so what? Swing, in general, is a rhythmically accented set of variations on a given theme. It is the musical possibilities of a theme as foundation for variations that count, not the theme's extra-musical associations. When one listens to Beethoven's variations for 'cello and piano on *Bei Männern* or *Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen* from Mozart's *Zauberflöte* does he think of the original chorale in Brahms' Opus 56a? Or of *Ah! vous dirai-je maman* in Mozart's *Variations in C Major*? So why should anyone get excited and protest that profane hands have been laid on a song, whatever its original significance or form, when the only reason it was chosen to be swung was because of its possibility as a melody on which to base variations. It seems that this whole affair is a tempest in a tea pot; a lot of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Genuine swing, untainted by commercialism, is always welcome because it is rare indeed. Out of the hundred or more jazz recordings issued by all the companies here in the course of a month, a bare five or six deserve the label "genuine". That is why the four records issued under the new label *Commodore*, in its special *Classics in Swing* series are so remarkable. These records are the result of a long-unfulfilled desire of Milt Gabler, the guiding spirit behind the late lamented U. H. C. A., its unforgettable jam sessions, and its special record releases. They were motivated by an unshakeable faith in the supremacy of these particular artists as swing musicians. They are the result of many months of disappointing attempts to get all the artists together in one studio at the same time. In January his patience and perseverance were rewarded. On the word of Milt Gabler and George Wettling, we are assured that none of the eight sides was composed or pre-arranged. The artists were given perfect freedom to play what they wanted, as the spirit moved them. In other words, it was a genuine jam session and these four records represent the cream of the many recordings made that day.

*Carnegie Drag* (Stacey—Condon—Freeman), and *Carnegie Jump* (Stacey—Condon—Freeman); played by Eddie Condon and his Windy City Seven. Commodore 1500, price \$1.50 (12-inch).

*Love Is Just Around the Corner* (Robin—Gensler), *Ja Da* (Robert Carleton); played

by Eddie Condon and his Windy City Seven. Commodore 500, price \$1.00.

*You Took Advantage of Me* (Rodgers—Hart), and *Three's No Crowd* (Stacey—Freeman—Wettling); played by the Bud Freeman Trio. Commodore 501, price \$1.

*Beat To the Socks* (Stacey—Condon—Freeman), played by Eddie Condon and his Windy City Seven; and *I Got Rhythm* (Gershwin), played by the Bud Freeman Trio. Commodore 502, price \$1.00

Personnel of the Windy City Seven: Bobby Hackett (cornet), Bud Freeman (tenor sax), Pee-Wee Russell (clarinet), George Brunies (trombone), Jess Stacey (piano), Eddie Condon (guitar), George Wettling (drums), and Artie Shapiro (bass). Personnel of the Trio: Jess Stacey (piano), Bud Freeman (tenor sax), and George Wettling (drums).

The outstanding side of the entire eight from the standpoint of musical interest is *Carnegie Drag*. It has depth of feeling, the correct hot accent, the right tempo, excellent technique—in fact, everything *good* jazz should have. It opens with a chorus by Stacey, backed by Wettling, that has such a terrific swing that it fairly lifts you out of your seat. He is followed by Brunies, Hackett, Freeman, and Pee Wee, each taking a chorus, and a final all-in which leaves one with a well satisfied feeling. *Carnegie Jump* is less interesting only because of its faster tempo but it is powerfully exciting. Bud Freeman leads off with some of the best sax playing this reviewer has ever heard—and I must confess that I never had any great liking for Bud's raucous tone. The first chorus is a marvel of saxophone virtuosity. This is followed by a splendid chorus by Jess Stacey and a series of half choruses by Hackett, Pee-Wee, Brunies and Wettling, in that order, which happen with such dazzling rapidity that it is difficult to evaluate them except after several playings. There is a period of combined improvising, dominated by Bobby Hackett's cornet and then a jungle-drum coda, à la Krupa, by Wettling. A very exciting jam session regardless of its musical value. As for what *Carnegie*, presumably the Hall, has to do with these pieces your guess is as good as mine. All I can suggest is that they were created at about the time Benny Goodman gave his memorable concert at Carnegie Hall and that Wettling sounds every bit as well as Krupa did then.

From the other three Windy City Seven sides it is difficult to choose a best. *Beat To*



the *Socks* probably has the advantage because it is akin to the *Drag* in spirit and tempo but *Ja Da* runs it a close second. To hear Stacey's pianoing behind Freeman's opening chorus in the latter side is reason enough to want this record. *Love Is Just Around the Corner* is particularly noteworthy as a good example of Chicago style at its best.

In this day when trios, quartets, quintets, and sextets try to sound like a twenty piece orchestra, aided and abetted by the recording engineers, it is a relief to hear a trio which tries to be just a trio. These three Trio sides are as severe as any chamber music and as exciting as anything a full orchestra can do. All are based on the same general plan: first chorus by Bud Freeman, second by Jess Stacey, third by the two together, and all choruses backed by Wettling's solid drumming. It's a toss-up which of the three is best but in all you will hear the Jess Stacey you always wanted to hear, but seldom did, in the Benny Goodman records. If you must choose, then maybe *I Got Rhythm* has a slight advantage because of the tune. In *You Took Advantage of Me* excitement runs so high that even the studio audience breaks out in applause at the end and Bud Freeman speaks a word of thanks.

All four records are available only from the Commodore Music Shop, New York.

## In the Popular Vein

By HORACE VAN NORMAN  
Standard Popular

AAAA—*Love Walked In*, and *The Moon of Manakoor*. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. Victor 25790.

*Love Walked In* is the last of three tunes from the score of the *Goldwyn Follies* which were written by Gershwin to be recorded, and it is by far the best of them. It is, in fact, one of the loveliest and most spontaneous melodies to come from his pen within the past several years. Inasmuch as it is, so far as we know, the last or virtually the last work that he did before his tragically untimely death, it is a matter of more than normal interest whether it be adequately recorded or not. After a rather ignominious send-off at the hands of The Idol of the Air Waves, Mr. Jan Garber, it comes gloriously into its own with

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(Continued on page 481)



a sensitive and eloquent performance by Reisman, who is better equipped, of course, to handle a job of this sort than anyone else. In other words, if you have a tune which possesses enough intrinsic musical value to require merely a straightforward, understanding reading rather than one of those tortuously elaborate "arrangements" which are necessary only when a tune is too poor to be able to stand on its own feet, then Reisman is your man. The coupling with Alfred Newman's atmospheric *Moon of Manakoora* is a fortunate one in this case and only serves to strengthen what would be a grand record anyway.

\* \* \* \*

AAA—*Ti-Pi-Tin*, and *A Shack in the Back of the Hills*. Horace Heidt and his Alemite Brigadiers. Brunswick 8078.

*Ti-Pi-Tin* is Freak Hit No. 2 for this season. After *Bei Mir Bist du Schoen*, which those with exceptionally retentive memories may recall as having been fairly popular for a week or two earlier in the year, comes another number which the boys are in the process of "putting over" and the result is one more forced, unnatural No. 1 song hit for a little, a very little, while and then into the graveyard of dead song hits forever. It is rather a pity that this should be so in this particular case, for *Ti-Pi-Tin*, which is a product of Mexico's outstanding songwriter, Maria Grever, possesses considerable charm when performed in its original tongue and at the proper tempo. When played as an American waltz, however, which means broadening its tempo drastically, and fitted out with some perfectly preposterous American lyrics, it completely loses whatever sparkle it possessed in the original and becomes merely a colossal bore. Heidt dresses it up in some rather becoming attire, making as much out of it in its American form as anyone possible could and the reverse turns out to be not quite as corny as you'd have a perfect right to expect from the title.

\* \* \* \*

AAA—*How Can You Forget*, and *There's a Boy in Harlem*. Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra. Victor 25799.

These are both Rodgers and Hart tunes from a current film, *Fools for Scandal*, and reveal, as always, the masterly touch of these superb writers, particularly the former, a thoroughly lovely tune in Dick Rodgers' best vein with characteristically whimsical, but not cute, Larry Hart lyrics. Dorsey does equally fine jobs on both numbers, which are in contrasted tempos, and a completely satisfying recording is the result.

AAA—*Please Be Kind*, and *The Week End of a Private Secretary*. Red Norvo and his Orchestra. Brunswick 8088.

*Please Be Kind* is a sob ballad of merit, wholly conventional in every respect, but the sort of tune that a songstress like Mildred Bailey can do plenty of things with, which she does here in no uncertain fashion. This is a case where the vocal chorus almost relegates the orchestral two-thirds of the recording to comparative obscurity. Not that the work of the band is mediocre. Norvo is never that. It's just that the number is primarily something to be sung, and Bailey does a perfectly swell job on it, as she does on the reverse, a very comical ditty, in quasi-rumba rhythm, from the pens of Johnny Mercer and Bernie Hanighen.

### Hot Jazz

○ AAAA—*Don't Be That Way*, and *One O'Clock Jump*. Benny Goodman and his Orchestra. Victor 25792.

After a rather lengthy lapse, Benny Goodman comes back this month with one of his very best discs ever. The former, another one of those swell pieces by the Edgar Sampson who has already provided Goodman with such fine vehicles as *Stompin' at the Savoy*, and *If Dreams Come True*, provides some of the most workmanlike and musically playing we have ever heard the band do, while the latter, a number written and popularized by Count Basie, is interesting, among other reasons, for the prominence it gives to the piano work of Goodman's excellent pianist (band pianist, that is) Jess Stacey. This is, I believe, the first record (of Goodman's) where Stacey is given any sort of opportunity to show what he's capable of doing.

\* \* \* \*

○ AAAA—*Lost In Meditation*, and *Riding On a Blue Note*. Duke Ellington and his Orchestra. Brunswick 8083.

This is by no means the very best Ellington, and nowhere near the superb record of last month, *New Black and Tan Fantasie*, but Ellington doesn't have to be at his very best to warrant a place at or near the top of any man's list of records for the month. The best I can say for these is that they are typical Ellington and, as fairly constant readers may have concluded, this department is a push-over for the Duke, even when he's giving us a little Class B stuff, as is his right.

\* \* \* \*

AAA—*Gavotte* from *Mignon*, and *Dance of the Hours* from *La Gioconda*. Larry Clin-



ton and his Orchestra. Victor 25805.

Once in a very great while, one of these swung-classics turns out to be at least half as amusing as the arranger hoped it would be, and Larry Clinton's assassination of the *Gavotte* from *Mignon* is a case where this is true. More often than not, Clinton's work has seemed to us to fall pretty flat, but his treatment of the *Gavotte* is really amusing, particularly with a typically godawful English translation sung in complete seriousness by Bea Wain, the vocalist.

\* \* \* \*

AAA—*Definition of Swing*, and *Off Again, On Again*. Hudson-De Lange Orchestra, Brunswick 8071.

Smart, witty stuff from the consistently first-rate Hudson-De Lange combo.

\* \* \* \*

### OTHER CURRENT POPULAR DISCS OF MERIT

(The following are rated from quality of performance regardless of record quality.)

AAA—*It's Wonderful*, and *You Went to My Head*. Maxine Sullivan. Vocalion 3993.

AAA—*My Heart Is Taking Lessons*, and *Lost and Found*. Dick Stabile and his Orch. Bluebird B-7476.

○ AAA—*If Dreams Come True*, and *Squeeze Me*. Chick Webb and his Orch. Decca 1716.

AAA—*Joseph! Joseph!* and *It's Easier Said Than Done*. Andrews Sisters. Decca 1691.

AAA—*You're Driving Me Crazy*, and *Can't We Be Friends*. Bob Crosby's Wild Cats. Decca 1680.

AAA—*I Like My Music Hot*, and *Three Swings and Out*. Cab Calloway and his Orchestra. Vocalion 3995.

AA—*Toy Trumpet*, and *In Bad With Sinbad*. Frank Dailey and his Orch. Bluebird B-7479.

AA—*Sissy*, and *Sunday In the Park*. Ted Weems and his Orch. Decca 1694.

○ AA—*Drummer's Delight*, and *If I Thought You Cared*. Barney Bigard and his Orch. Vocalion 3985.

AA—*You're An Education*, and *Jezebel*. Bob Crosby and his Orch. Decca 1713.

○ AA—*Georgianna*, and *Blues In the Dark*. Count Basie and his Orch. Decca 1682.

AA—*Just Let Me Look At You*, and *You Couldn't Be Cuter*. Ruby Newman and his Orchestra. Decca 1709.

AA—*From the Land of the Sky Blue Water*, and *Lover Come Back to Me*. Mildred Bailey and her Orchestra. Vocalion 3982.

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# Record Collectors' Corner

By JULIAN MORTON MOSES

COMPLETE list of Gadski Records issued after January 1912. Records issued from 1904 to 1912 will be found on pages 25, 26 of *The Record Collector's Guide*.

Götterdämmerung, Zu neuen Thaten, 87098; Auf dem Kirchhofe (Brahms), 87099; Auf Flügeln des Gesanges (Mendelssohn), 87100; Lobetanz, Am allen Zweigen, 88363; Lohengrin, Euch Lüften, 88377; Trovatore, D'amor sull' ali rosee, 88379; Tannhäuser, Verzeiht wenn ich, 88442; Tannhäuser, Zurück von ihn, 88443; Walküre, Du bist die Lenz, 87167; Annie Laurie (Scott), 87173; Oberon, Ozean! (Part I), 88495.

Masked Ball, Morro, ma prima, 88497; Die Wacht am Rhein (Wilhelm), 88515; Im Herbst (Franz), 88542; Oberon, Ozean! (Part II), 88545; Kathleen Mavourneen (Crouch), 88546; Slumber Song (Gilmour), 87252; Die Lorelei (Silcher), 88564; Haidenröslein (Werner), 88566; Messiah, He shall feed His flock, 88571; Lotusblume (Schumann), 88578; Im Treibhaus (Wagner), 88590; Träume (Wagner), 88591.

Der Engel (Wagner), 87273; Schmerzen (Wagner), 87274; Stehe Still (Wagner), 87275; Walküre, Fort denn eile, 87281; Aida Duets with Amato; Ciel mio Padre, 89067/8; Trovatore Duets with Amato: discs 89069/70; Magic Flute Duet with Goritz: Bei Männern, 88369; Flying Dutchman Duets with Goritz, 88370/1/2; Duet with Goritz: Still wie die Nacht (Götze), 88440; Magic Fute Duet with Goritz: Papagena, Papagena, 87510; Magic Flute, Du also bist (with Sparkes, Case, Mattfield) 88441.

\* \* \* \*

I BEGIN rather than end my article with the above list since it bears more eloquent testimony than I could ever achieve to the tremendous versatility of a great singer. Few people really have this quality. There are whole volumes cluttered up with an endless array of so-called great singers. Yet how many of them had the voice and musicianship of a Gadski? How many were so consistently excellent? Were it not for the kind suggestion of an ever-helpful collector, this remarkable standard of achievement would have remained unsung even in these columns.

One defect Gadski had in common with the leading Wagnerienne of today; a conspicuous absence of what, for want of a better term, must be called passion. All the emotion in her portrayal of a role proceeded from the head down instead of in the opposite direction.\* She sang and acted more from a red pencilled formula than from an emotional urge. But unlike Flagstad, she could and did sing everything.

Owing to the many interesting society releases which must at least be mentioned in these pages, I can do no more than call attention here to a few of Gadski's records. Almost all her Wagner excerpts are superb, especially those from the *Ring* and *Tannhäuser*. The odd German operatic selections like *Salomé* and *Lobetanz* are in the same category. Among the Italians, she was not quite as preeminent though the *Trovatore* solo ranks with her best work. Her Mozart was near to perfection but her lieder a long way from it. When she returned to this country in the 1920's via vaudeville of all things, this then pubescent soul knew he was experiencing something of a glory that once was—and still is, thanks to the Victor Company.

\* \* \* \*

The Historic Record Society announces that, owing to a loss of the Boninsegna-Cigada matrices, the planned release of their *Trovatore* duets has been withdrawn in favor of a double-faced autographed disc by Frances Alda. This ten-inch record, No. 1014, price \$2.00, contains her two recordings from Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*, made in 1911. These are excellent examples of the singer's early art at the Metropolitan, and are much rarer than the above-mentioned items.

\*A story attributed to the late Henry Krehbiel confirms this statement. It appears he went to hear *Tristan und Isolde* with a well-known critic of the day when Gadski was singing the leading feminine role. During the course of the first act Krehbiel's partner nodded and dozed off, whereupon the former nudged him and asked him if he knew where he was. His partner immediately answered in a languorous tone: "Certainly. I'm at the opera. Gadski is singing Isolde, and there goes her left foot." And at the very moment he said it Gadski's left foot came forward. — Editor.



Three re-pressings of Fonotipia treasures complete this month's offerings. They are all 10<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inch discs, price \$2.25 each.

No. 1022 Pinkert and Bonci: *Don Pasquale*, *Tornami a dir.* Pinkert and Magini-Coletti: *Barbiere*, *Dunque io son.*

No. 1023 Navarini: *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Vieni la mia vendetta.*

No. 1024 Maurel: *Marechiaro*, and *Au temps du grand roi.*

We have already spoken in this column of Bonci's abilities. He was unapproached in his singing of Donizetti's tenor roles. His partner here was a noted and competent coloratura of the period, and her partner in turn, one of those baritones the like of which are so sorely needed at the Metropolitan today. While not up to the standard of his operatic selections, Maurel's *Marechiaro* is far better than his other concert pieces. Last, the basso Navarini, whose work is little known among collectors, resembles in style and quality our own Pinza, if somewhat a more stentorian one.

\* \* \* \*

On its part the International Record Collectors' Club announces an exclusive recording made but two months ago in London by Mignon Nevada of *Le Soir* (Gounod), with a spoken message by her far more illustrious mother, Emma Nevada. This is a single face 12-inch disc, No. 118, price \$1.75, autographed by both artists. It will have to await a hearing for review, though we are reminded of the quip used by Rossini when asked by Meyerbeer's nephew to criticize the funeral march he composed in memory of the creator of *L'Africaine*. "Don't you think it would have been better," the Italian master of melody and wit commented, "if you had died and your uncle written the funeral march?"

Speaking of Meyerbeer and his swan song, we come to the *Slumber Aria* of Selika from *L'Africaine* sung by Margaret Matzenauer, and how it is sung! Well, do not ask now but get the record as soon as it comes out and you will not curse us for the recommendation. In addition to the singer's autograph, the other side presents another of her soprano ventures, Brunnhilde's *Bitte* from *Die Walküre* (12-inch disc. No. 120, price \$2.25).

Other releases and issues are: Lilli Lehmann: *Robert der Taufel* (12-inch s.f. price \$1.75); Bonci: *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Una fur-tiva*, and *Puritani*, *A te o cara* (10<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>-inch, price \$2.00); Calvé: *Carmen*, *Seguidilla*,

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and Gerville-Reache: *Carmen Air des cartes* (10-inch, price \$1.75); Maurel: *Otello*, *Sogno*, and *Falstaff*, *Quand'ero paggio* (10<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>-inch disc, price \$2.00). The Lehmann disc I have not heard. The Bonci brings us the singer at his best, the Calvé-Gerville-Reache disc is a "must get," and so too is the Maurel disc.

Finally, apology must be made for a wrong impression created last month in our review of Tetrizzini's singing of the Traviata aria, *Addio del passato*. The impression was given that she adds another verse to the selection, which is not the case, since Verdi wrote it *da capo* though it has long been the tradition to omit the repeat. Since she adhered to the original if little used score, we must bow to her superior knowledge, but we cannot admit that this is at all a good reproduction of that great coloratura singer.

## CORRESPONDENCE ON ACTIVE LISTENING

To the Editor of The American Music Lover:

Enjoyed Mr. Howard's article in the March number very much, except that he failed, in my humble opinion, to emphasize the important part of recording and music in the home which he spoke of, almost in passing, in the last paragraph. The peculiar virtue of music in the home, that he emphasized in this paragraph as surpassing rather the concert hall, is so tremendous in its influence on the lives of people that it could almost stand an article by itself. What Mr. Howard calls "Active listening" is something that few of us can do without training even though we have loved and needed music all our lives. Such are the distractions and interruptions of modern civilization that active listening is almost impossible. The only place that I have found it possible is in my home, where I pick the time to listen to a concert put on my phonograph, order my program according to my mood with a sense of balance, and then hear every single note of what's being played with my attention focused on nothing else. This not only increases the benefit that one has from music, the lifting of the spirit and the calming down of jangled nerves, but it enriches one's appreciation of the music itself so that it becomes not a repetition that one hears over and over again, but a deeply significant understanding of score, instruments and meaning.

I grant Mr. Howard that the radio does ruin people for music as a rule if there are groups of chatterers accompanying it, but that is a question of character and personality that gives in to systems and technique which are injurious, just as they go to double feature movies, coming home completely exhausted with no memory at all of what's gone on.

It is grand to have read Mr. Howard's article, and I appreciate it.

With kindest good wishes,  
Cordially,

HEDWIG S. KUHN.

Hammond, Ind. March 14, 1938

## ABOUT BUSONI

To the Editor of The American Music Lover:

I read with great pleasure your excellent leading article in the February number of the *American Music Lover*, and was especially interested in your mention of the great composer and pianist, Busoni, as it brought vividly to my mind my meeting him in New York I think in 1904, the occasion being an afternoon tea or reception given for him by two charming Italian ladies — a mother and daughter, who were also friends of mine, the daughter an accomplished pianist and a beautiful woman. Being at that time a banker in Cleveland, I happened to be in New York and was favored by an invitation to meet the great musician. Several of Walter Damrosch's group were among those present. Aside from them I recall clearly a Miss Harriman, daughter of the great railway magnate of that time, and a Miss Murray of the famous and historical Murray Hill family. Not forgetting a captain of a trans-Atlantic liner who seemed to be a great friend and favorite of Busoni's and a number of the other guests and the hostesses. Altogether it was for me quite a red letter afternoon, and certainly most enjoyable.

Ten years later, in 1914, when I was living in Los Angeles, I happened to meet Busoni, then on a western tour, in the lounge of the Alexandria Hotel, and was greatly surprised and very pleased when he not only recalled me but remembered the time and place that we had met. He was delightfully cordial and wanted to talk with me about our mutual friends, and so we had a pleasant half hour together. On both occasions he impressed me not only as a great artist, but as a modest, courteous gentleman. Somewhere I have seen it stated that he was called the "Pianists' Pianist"; this seems to be corroborated by a report which I quote:

"America gave Busoni a warm welcome at his first concert in New York; six famous pianists were in the audience, Harold Bauer, Carl Friedberg, Percy Grainger, Mark Hambourg, Josef Hofmann and Raphael Joseffy."

With kindest regards and all best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES A. POST.

Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 25th, 1938

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12:00 Noon—NBC Home Symphony  
10:00 P.M.—Rising Musical Star Program

#### Mondays—

6:35 P.M.—Joan Edwards, contralto  
8:30 P.M.—Voice of Firestone

#### Tuesdays—

2:00 P.M.—Fun in Music  
2:30 P.M.—Gen. Fed. of Women's Clubs' Program  
7:15 P.M.—Vocal Varieties

#### Wednesdays—

6:45 P.M.—Jean Sablon, songs.

#### Thursdays—

2:00 P.M.—NBC Music Guild  
7:15 P.M.—Vocal Varieties

#### Fridays—

8:00 P.M.—Cities Service Concert  
9:00 P.M.—Waltz Time

#### Saturdays—

7:45 P.M.—Jean Sablon, songs  
10:00 P.M.—NBC-Symphony Orchestra

### (Blue Network)

#### Sundays—

12:30 P.M.—Radio City Music Hall  
2:00 P.M.—RCA Magic Key

#### Mondays—

3:00 P.M.—Rochester Civic Orchestra  
6:05 P.M.—U. S. Army Band  
9:00 P.M.—Philadelphia Orchestra

#### Tuesdays—

2:30 P.M.—Music Guild  
3:00 P.M.—U. S. Marine Band

#### Wednesdays—

10:00 P.M.—Choir Symphonette  
10:30 P.M.—NBC-Minstrel Show

#### Thursdays—

3:15 P.M.—Eastman School of Music  
8:30 P.M.—Barry McKinley, baritone  
8:45 P.M.—Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra  
10:30 P.M.—Promenade Concert

#### Fridays—

7:45 P.M.—Craig Matthews, tenor

#### Saturdays—

1:40 P.M.—Tristan and Isolde from Metropolitan  
Opera (April 16 only)  
9:00 P.M.—National Barn Dance

## COLUMBIA HIGHLIGHTS FOR APRIL

#### Sundays—

9:00 A.M.—Wings Over Jordan (Spirituals)  
12:30 P.M.—Salt Lake City Tabernacle  
3:00 P.M.—N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch.  
9:00 P.M.—Ford Sunday Hour

#### Mondays—

4:00 P.M.—Columbia Concert Hall

#### Tuesdays—

9:30 P.M.—Camel Hour — Benny Goodman

#### Wednesdays—

3:45 P.M.—Curtis Institute of Music  
9:30 P.M.—Kostelanetz Orch. with Grace Moore

#### Thursdays—

3:30 P.M.—U. S. Army Band  
10:00 P.M.—Essays in Music

#### Fridays—

3:00 P.M.—U. S. Marine Band  
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7:30 P.M.—Hollis Shaw, soprano  
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